

Republic of Letters.

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NO WORK WILL BE PUBLISHED IN THIS JOURNAL WITHOUT HAVING PREVIOUSLY RECEIVED THE SANCTION OF GENTLEMEN EMINENT IN LITERATURE.

He came, indeed, as fast as his age would permit him. As soon as he was within hearing, he asked them what news? They related all that had passed at Twyford's cottage; he heard them with the greatest eagerness of attention, and as soon as they came to the great event—I knew it! I knew it! exclaimed Joseph, I was sure it would prove so! Thank God for it! But I will be the first to acknowledge my wrong lord, and I will live and die his faithful servant! Here Joseph attempted to kneel to him, but Edmund prevented him with a warm embrace:—My friend! my dear friend! said he, I cannot suffer a man of your age to kneel to me! are you not one of my best and truest friends? I will ever remember your disinterested affection for me; and if Heaven restores me to my rights, it shall be one of my first cares to render your old age easy and happy. Joseph wept over him, and it was some time before he could utter a word.

Oswald gave them both time to recover their emotion, by acquainting Joseph with Edmund's scheme for his departure. Joseph wiped his eyes and spoke—I have thought, said he, of something that will be both agreeable and useful to my dear master. John Wyatt, Sir Philip Harey's servant, is now upon a visit at his father's; I have heard that he goes home soon: now he would be both a guide and companion on the way.—That is, indeed, a happy circumstance, said Edmund; but how shall we know certainly the time of his departure?—Why, Sir, I will go to him, and inquire: and bring you word directly.—Do so, said Edmund, and you will oblige me greatly.—But, Sir, said Oswald, I think it will be best not to let John Wyatt know who is to be his companion: only let Joseph tell him, that a gentleman is going to visit his master: and, if possible, prevail upon him to set out this night.—Do so, my good friend, said Edmund, and tell him, farther, that this person has business of great consequence to communicate to his master, and cannot delay his journey on any account.—I will do this, you may depend, said Joseph, and acquaint you with his success as soon as possible; but, Sir, you must not go without a guide, at any rate.—I trust I shall not, said Edmund, though I go alone; he that has received such a call as I have, can want no other, nor fear any danger.

They conversed on these points till they drew near the castle, when Joseph left them to go on his errand, and Edmund attended his lord at dinner. The baron observed that he was silent and reserved; the conversation languished on both sides. As soon as dinner was ended, Edmund asked permission to go up into his own apartment; where he packed up some necessities, and made a hasty preparation for his departure.

Afterward he walked into the garden, revolving in his mind the peculiarity of his situation, and the uncertainty of his future prospects; lost in thought, he walked to and fro in a covered walk, with his arms crossed and his eyes cast down, without perceiving that he was observed by two females, who stood at a distance, watching his motions: it was the Lady Emma, and her attendant, who were thus engaged. At length he lifted up his eyes and saw them; he stood still, and was irresolute whether to advance or retire: they approached him, and as they drew near, fair Emma spoke:—You have been so wrapt in meditation, Edmund, that I am apprehensive of some new vexation that I am yet a stranger to: would it were in my power to lessen those you have already; but tell me if I guess truly? He stood still, irresolute; he answered with hesitation.—Oh, lady—I am—I am grieved, I am concerned, to be the cause of so much confusion in this noble family, to which I am so much indebted: I see no way to lessen these evils but to remove the cause of them.—Meaning yourself? said she.—Certainly, Madam; and I was meditating on my departure.—But, said she, by your departure you will not remove the cause.—How so, Madam?—Because you are not the cause, but those you will leave behind you.—Lady Emma!—How can you affect this ignorance, Edmund? You know well enough it is that odious Wenlock, your enemy, and my aversion, that has caused all this mischief among us, and will much more, if he is not removed.—This, Madam, is a subject that it becomes me to be silent upon: Mr. Wenlock is your kinsman; he is not my friend; and for that reason I ought not to speak against him, nor you to hear it from me: if he has used me ill, I am recompensed by the generous treatment of my lord, your father, who is all that is great and good: he has allowed me to justify myself to him, and he has restored me to his good opinion, which I prize among the best gifts of Heaven: your amiable brother William thinks well of me, and his esteem is infinitely dear to me; and you, excellent lady, permit me to hope, that you honor me with your good opinion: are not these ample amends for the ill-will Mr. Wenlock bears me?—My opinion of you, Edmund, said she, is fixed and settled: it is not founded upon events of yesterday, but upon long knowledge and experience; upon your whole conduct and character.—You honor me, lady! Continue to think well of me, it will excite me to deserve it. When I am far distant from this place, the remembrance of your goodness will be a cordial to my heart.—But why will you leave us, Edmund? Stay and defeat the designs of your enemy; you shall have my wishes

vol. 1.—11

and assistance.—Pardon me, Madam, that is among the things I cannot do, even if it were in my power, which it is not. Mr. Wenlock loves you, lady, and if he is so unhappy as to be your aversion, that is a punishment severe enough. For the rest, I may be unfortunate by the wickedness of others, but if I am unworthy, it must be by my own fault.—So then you think it is an unworthy action to oppose Mr. Wenlock? Very well, Sir; then I suppose you wish him success; you wish that I may be married to him?—I, Madam? said Edmund, confused; what am I, that I should give my opinion on an affair of so much consequence? You distress me by the question. May you be happy; may you enjoy your own wishes! He sighed, he turned away. She called him back: he trembled, and kept silence.

She seemed to enjoy his confusion; she was cruel enough to repeat the question.—Tell me, Edmund, and truly, do you wish to see me give my hand to Wenlock? I insist upon your answer. All on a sudden he recovered both his voice and courage; he stepped forward, his person erect, his countenance assured, his voice resolute and intrepid.—Since Lady Emma insists upon my answer, since she avows dislike to Wenlock, since she condescends to ask my opinion, I will tell her my thoughts, my wishes. The fair Emma now trembled in her turn; she blushed, looked down, and was ashamed to have spoken so freely. Edmund went on.—My most ardent wishes are, that the fair Emma may reserve her heart and hand till a certain person, a friend of mine, is at liberty to solicit them; whose utmost ambition is, first to deserve, and then obtain them.—Your friend, Sir? said Lady Emma; her brow clouded, her eye disdainful.—Edmund proceeded:—My friend is so particularly circumstanced, that he cannot, at present, with propriety, ask for Lady Emma's favor; but as soon as he has gained a cause that is yet in suspense, he will openly declare his pretensions, and if he is unsuccessful, he will condemn himself to eternal silence. Lady Emma knew not what to think of this declaration; she hoped, she feared, she meditated: but her attention was too strongly excited to be satisfied without some gratification: after a pause, she pursued the subject.—And this friend of yours, Sir, of what degree and fortune is he? Edmund smiled; but, commanding his emotion, he replied, His birth is noble, his degree and fortune uncertain. Her countenance fell, she sighed; he proceeded:—It is utterly impossible, said he, for any man of inferior degree, to aspire to Lady Emma's favor; her noble birth, the dignity of her beauty and virtues, must awe and keep at their proper distance all men of inferior degree and merit; they may admire, they may revere; but they must not presume to approach too near, lest their presumption should meet with its punishment.—Well, Sir, said she, suddenly: and so this friend of yours has commissioned you to speak in his behalf?—He has, Madam.—Then I must tell you, that I think his assurance is very great, and yours not much less.—I am sorry for that, Madam.—Tell him, that I shall reserve my heart and hand for the man to whom my father shall bid me give them.—Very well, lady; I am certain my lord loves you too well to dispose of them against your inclination.—How do you know that, Sir? But tell him, that the man that hopes for my favor, must apply to my lord for his.—That is my friend's intention; his resolution, I should say, as soon as he can do it with propriety; and I accept your permission for him to do so.—My permission, did you say? I am astonished at your assurance! Tell me no more of your friend: but, perhaps, you are pleading for Wenlock, all this time: it is all one to me; only say no more.—Are you offended with me, Madam?—No matter, Sir.—Yes, it is.—I am surprised at you, Edmund.—I am surprised at my own temerity; but forgive me.—It does not signify; good by!—Sir.—Don't leave me in anger, Madam; I cannot bear that: perhaps I may not see you again for a long time. He looked afflicted; she turned back.—I do forgive you, Edmund: I was concerned for you; but, it seems, you are more concerned for every body than yourself. She sighed; farewell, said she. Edmund gazed on her with tenderness; he approached her, he just touched her hand; his heart was rising to his lips, but he recollected his situation; he checked himself immediately; he retired back, he sighed deeply, bowed low, and hastily quitted her.

The lady turning into another walk, he reached the house first, and went up again to his chamber: he threw himself upon his knees; prayed for a thousand blessings upon every one of the family of his benefactor, and involuntarily wept at mentioning the name of the charming Emma, whom he was about to leave abruptly, and perhaps for ever. He then endeavored to compose himself, and once more attended the baron; wished him a good night; and withdrew to his chamber, till he was called upon to go again to the haunted apartment.

He came down, equipped for his journey, and went hastily, for fear of observation; he paid his customary devotions, and soon after Oswald tapped at the door. They conferred together upon the interesting subject that engrossed their attention, until Joseph came to them; who brought the rest of Edmund's baggage, and some refreshment for him before he set out. Edmund promised to give them the earliest infor-

mation of his situation and success. At the hour of twelve they heard the same groans as the night before, in the lower apartment; but being somewhat familiarized to it, they were not so strongly affected: Oswald crossed himself, and prayed for the departed soul; he also prayed for Edmund, and recommended him to the Divine protection: he then arose, and embraced that young man, who also took a tender leave of his friend Joseph. They then went, with silence and caution, through a long gallery; they descended the stairs in the same manner; they crossed the hall in profound silence, and hardly dared to breathe lest they should be overheard; they found some difficulty in opening one of the folding-doors, which they at last accomplished; they were again in jeopardy at the outward gate; at length they conveyed him safely into the stables: there they again embraced him, and prayed for his prosperity.

He then mounted his horse, and set forward to Wyatt's cottage; he hallooed at the door, and was answered from within: in a few minutes John came out to him.—What is it you, master Edmund?—Hush! said he, not a word of whom I am; I go upon private business, and would not wish to be known.—If you will go forward, Sir, I will soon overtake you. He did so, and they pursued their journey to the north. In the mean time Oswald and Joseph returned in silence into the house; they retired to their respective apartments without hearing or being heard by any one.

About the dawn of day Oswald intended to lay his packets in the way of those to whom they were addressed: after much contrivance he determined to take a bold step, and, if he were discovered, to frame some excuse. Encouraged by his late success, he went on tiptoe to Master William's chamber, placed a letter upon his pillow, and withdrew unheard. Exulting in his heart, he attempted the baron's apartment, but found it fastened within: finding this scheme frustrated, he waited till the hour the baron was expected down to breakfast, and laid the letter and the key of the haunted apartment upon the table. Soon after he saw the baron enter the breakfast-room; he got out of sight, but staid within call, preparing himself for a summons. The baron sat down to breakfast; he saw a letter directed to himself; he opened it, and, to his great surprise, read as follows:

'The guardian of the haunted apartment to Baron Fitz-Owen.—To thee I remit the key of my charge, until the right owner shall come, who will both discover and avenge my wrongs; then, woe be to the guilty! But let the innocent rest in peace. In the mean time, let none presume to explore the secrets of my apartment, lest they suffer for their temerity.'

The baron was struck with amazement at the letter: he took up the key, examined it, then laid it down, and took up the letter; he was in such confusion of thought, he knew not what to do or say for several minutes: at length he called his servants about him. The first question he asked was.—Where is Edmund?—They could not tell.—Has he been called?—Yes, my lord; but nobody answered, and the key was not in the door.—Where is Joseph?—Gone into the stables.—Where is father Oswald?—In his study.—Seek him, and desire him to come hither. By the time the baron had read the letter over again he came.

He had been framing a steady countenance to answer to all interrogatories. As he came in, he attentively observed the baron, whose features were in strong agitation. As soon as he saw Oswald, he spoke as one out of breath.—Take that key, and read this letter! He did so, shrugging up his shoulders, and remained silent.—Father, said my lord, what think you of this letter?—It is a very surprising one.—The contents are alarming! where is Edmund?—I do not know.—Has nobody seen him?—Not that I know of.—Call my sons, my kinsmen, my servants. The servants came in.—Have any of you seen or heard of Edmund?—No, was the answer. Father, step up stairs to my sons and kinsmen, and desire them to come down immediately.

Oswald withdrew, and went first to Master William's chamber. My dear Sir, you must come to my lord now directly: he has something extraordinary to communicate to you.—And so have I, father; see what I have found upon my pillow!—Pray, Sir, read it to me before you show it to any body; my lord is alarmed too much already, and wants nothing to increase his consternation. William read this letter, while Oswald looked as if he was an utter stranger to the contents, which were these:

'Whatever may be heard or seen, let the seal of friendship be upon thy lips. The peasant Edmund is no more: but there still lives a man who hopes to acknowledge, and repay, the Lord Fitz-Owen's generous care and protection; to return his beloved William's vowed affection, and to claim his friendship on terms of equality.'

What, said William, can this mean?—It is not easy to say, replied Oswald.—Can you tell what is the cause of this alarm?—I can tell you nothing, but that my lord desires to see you directly; pray make haste down; I must go up to your brothers and kinsmen: nobody knows what to think or believe.

Master William went down stairs, and father Oswald went to the malcontents: as soon as he entered the outward door

of their apartments, Mr. Wenlock called out—Here comes the friend; now for some new proposal!—Gentlemen, said Oswald, my lord desires your company immediately in the breakfast parlor!—What! to meet your favorite Edmund, I suppose? said Mr. Wenlock:—No, Sir.—What then is the matter? said Sir Robert.—Something very extraordinary has happened, gentlemen: Edmund is not to be found; he disappeared from the haunted apartment, the key of which was conveyed to my lord in a strange manner, with a letter from an unknown hand: my lord is both surprised and concerned, and wishes to have your opinion and advice on the occasion.—Tell him, said Sir Robert, we will wait upon him immediately.

As Oswald went away, he heard Wenlock say.—So Edmund is gone, it is no matter how, or whether.—Another said, I hope the ghost has taken him out of the way. The rest laughed at the conceit, as they followed Oswald down stairs. They found the baron and his son William commenting upon the key and the letter. My lord gave them to Sir Robert, who looked on them with marks of surprise and confusion. The baron addressed him:—Is not this a very strange affair? Son Robert, lay aside your ill-humors, and behave to your father with the respect and affection his tenderness deserves from you, and give me your advice and opinion of this alarming subject.—My lord, said Sir Robert, I am as much confounded as yourself: I can give no advice: let my cousins see the letter: let us have their opinion. They read it in turn; they were equally surprised: but when it came into Wenlock's hand, he paused and meditated some minutes; at length—I am indeed surprised, and still more concerned, to see my lord and uncle the dupe of an artful contrivance; and, if he will permit me, I shall endeavor to unriddle it, to the confusion of all that are concerned in it.—Do so, Dick, said my lord, and you shall have my thanks for it.—This letter, said he, I imagine to be the contrivance of Edmund, or some ingenious friend of his, to conceal some designs they have against the peace of this family, which has been too often disturbed upon that rascal's account.—But what end could be proposed by it? said the baron.—Why, one part of the scheme is to cover Edmund's departure, that is clear enough: for the rest, we can only guess at it: perhaps he may be concealed somewhere in that apartment, from whence he may rush out in the night, and either rob or murder us; or, at least, alarm and terrify the family. The baron smiled:—You shoot beyond the mark, Sir, and overshoot yourself, as you have done before now! You show only your inveteracy against that poor lad, whom you cannot mention with temper: to what purpose should he shut himself up there to be starved?—Starved? no! no! he has friends in this house (looking at Oswald) who will not suffer him to want any thing: those who have always magnified his virtues, and extenuated his faults, will lend a hand to help him in time of need; and perhaps to assist his ingenious contrivances. Oswald shrugged up his shoulders, and remained silent.—This is a strange fancy of yours, Dick, said my lord: but I am willing to pursue it; first, to discover what you drive at; and, secondly, to satisfy all that are here present of the truth or falsehood of it, that they may know what value to set upon your sagacity hereafter. Let us all go over that apartment together; and let Joseph be called to attend us thither. Oswald offered to call him, but Wenlock stopped him.—No father, said he, you must stay with us; we want your ghostly counsel and advice: Joseph shall have no private conference with you.—What mean you, said Oswald, to insinuate to my lord against me, or Joseph? But your ill-will spares nobody. It will one day be known who is the disturber of the peace of this family: I wait for that time, and am silent.

Joseph came; when he was told whether they were going, he looked hard at Oswald. Wenlock observed them.—Lead the way father, said he; and Joseph shall follow us. Oswald smiled:—We will go where Heaven permits us, said he; alas! the wisdom of man can neither hasten, nor retard, its decrees.

They followed the father up stairs, and went directly to the haunted apartment. The baron unlocked the door; he bid Joseph open the shutters, and admit the day-light, which had been excluded for many years. They went over the room above stairs, and then descended the staircase, and through the lower rooms in the same manner. However, they overlooked the closet in which the fatal secret was concealed; the door was covered with tapestry, the same as the room, and united so well, that it seemed but one piece. Wenlock tauntingly desired father Oswald to introduce them to the ghost. The father, in reply, asked them where they should find Edmund? Do you think, said he, that he lies hid in my pocket, or in Joseph's?—'Tis no matter, answered he; thoughts are free.—My opinion of you, Sir, said Oswald, is not founded upon thoughts: I judge of men by their actions; a rule, I believe, it will not suit you to be tried by.—None of your insolent admonitions, father! returned Wenlock: this is neither the time nor the place for them.—That is truer than you are aware of, Sir; I mean not to enter into the subject just now.—Be silent, said my lord. I shall enter into this subject with you hereafter; then look you be prepared for it! In the mean time, do you, Dick Wenlock, answer to my questions. Do you think Edmund is concealed in this apartment?—No, Sir.—Do you think there is any mystery in it?—No, my lord.—Is it haunted, think you?—No, I think not.—Should you be afraid to try?—In what manner, my lord?—Why, you have shown your wit upon the subject, and I mean to show your courage; you and Jack Markham, your confidant, shall sleep here three nights, as Edmund has done before.—Sir, said Sir Robert, for what purpose? I should be glad to understand why.—I have my reasons, Sir, as well as your kinsmen there. No reply, Sir! I insist upon being obeyed in this point. Joseph, let the beds be well aired, and every thing made agreeable to the gentlemen: if

there is any contrivance to impose upon me, they, I am sure, will have pleasure in detecting it, and, if not, I shall obtain my end, in making these rooms habitable. Oswald, come with me; and the rest may go where they list till dinner-time.

The baron went with Oswald into the parlor. Now tell me, father, said he, do you disapprove what I have done?—Quite the contrary, my lord, said he; I entirely approve it.—But you do not know all my reasons for it. Yesterday, Edmund's behavior was different from what I have ever seen it; he is naturally frank and open in all his ways; but he was then silent, thoughtful, absent; he sighed deeply, and once I saw tears stand in his eyes: now, I do suspect there is something uncommon in that apartment; that Edmund has discovered the secret: and, fearing to disclose it, he has fled away from the house. As to this letter, perhaps, he may have written it to hint that there is more than he dares reveal; I tremble at the hints contained in it, though I shall appear to make light of it: but I and mine are innocent; and if Heaven discloses the guilt of others, I ought to adore and submit to its decrees.—That is prudently and piously resolved, my lord; let us do our duty, and leave events to Heaven.—But, father, I have a further view in obliging my kinsmen to sleep there: if any thing should appear to them, it is better that it should only be known to my own family; if there is nothing in it, I shall put to the proof the courage and veracity of my two kinsmen, of whom I think very indifferently. I mean shortly to inquire into many things I have heard lately to their disadvantage; and, if I find them guilty, they shall not escape with impunity.—My lord, said Oswald, you judge like yourself; I wish you to make inquiry concerning them, and believe the result will be to their confusion, and your lordship will be enabled to re-establish the peace of your family.

During this conversation, Oswald was upon his guard, lest any thing should escape that might create suspicion. He withdrew as soon as he could with decency, and left the baron meditating what all these things should mean: he feared there was some misfortune impending over his house, though he knew not from what cause.

He dined with his children and kinsmen, and strove to appear cheerful; but a gloom was perceivable through his deportment. Sir Robert was reserved and respectful; Mr. William was silent and attentive; the rest of the family dutifully assiduous to my lord: only Wenlock and Markham were sullen and chagrined. The baron detained the young men the whole afternoon; he strove to amuse and to be amused; he showed the greatest affection and parental regard to his children, and endeavored to conciliate their affection, and engage their gratitude by kindness. Wenlock and Markham felt their courage abate as the night approached: at the hour of nine, old Joseph came to conduct them to the haunted apartment; they took leave of their kinsmen, and went up stairs with heavy hearts.

They found the chamber set in order for them, and a table spread with provision and good liquor, to keep up their spirits.—It seems, said Wenlock, that your friend Edmund was obliged to you for his accommodations here.—Sir, said Joseph, his accommodations were bad enough the first night; but afterwards, they were bettered by my lord's orders.—Owing to your officious cares, said Wenlock.—I own it, said Joseph, and I am not ashamed of it.—Are you not anxious to know what is become of him? said Markham.—Not at all, Sir; I trust he is in the best protection; so good a young man as he is, is safe every where.—You see, cousin Jack, said Wenlock, how this villain has stole the hearts of my uncle's servants: I suppose this canting old fellow knows where he is, if the truth were known.—Have you any further commands for me, gentlemen? said the old man.—No, not we.—Then I am ordered to attend my lord, when he have done with me.—Go, then, about your business. Joseph went away, glad to be dismissed.

What shall we do, cousin Jack, said Wenlock, to pass away the time? it is plaguily dull sitting here.—Dull enough, said Markham; I think the best thing we can do, is to go to bed, and sleep it away.—Faith, says Wenlock, I am in no disposition to sleep! Who would have thought the old man would have obliged us to spend the night here?—Don't say so, I beg of you; it was all your own doing, replied Markham.—I did not intend he should have taken me at my word.—Then you should have spoken more cautiously. I have always been governed by you, like a fool as I am; you play the braggart, and I suffer for it: but they begin to see through your fine-spun arts and contrivances, and I believe you will meet with your deserts one day or other.—What now, do you mean to affront me, Jack? Know, that some of the born to plan, others to execute; I am one of the former, those of the latter: know your friend, or—Or what? replied Markham: do you mean to threaten me? If you do?—What then? said Wenlock.—Why, then I will try which of us two is the best man, Sir.—Upon this, Markham arose, and put himself into a posture of defence. Wenlock perceiving he was serious in his anger, began to soothe him; he persuaded, he flattered, he promised great things, if he would be composed. Markham was sullen, uneasy, resentful; whenever he spoke, it was to upbraid Wenlock with his treachery and falsehood. Wenlock tried all his eloquence to get him into a good humor, but in vain; he threatened to acquaint his uncle with all he knew, and to exculpate himself at the other's expense. Wenlock began to find his color rise: they were both almost choked with rage; and at length, they both rose with a resolution to fight.

As they stood with their fists clenched, on a sudden they were alarmed with a dismal groan from the room underneath. They stood like statues, petrified by fear, yet listening with trembling expectation: a second groan increased their consternation; and, soon after, a third completed it. They

staggered to a seat, and sunk down upon it, ready to faint; presently all the doors flew open, a pale glimmering light appeared at the door, from the staircase, and a man in complete armor entered the room: he stood with one hand extended, pointing to the outward door; they took the hint, and crawled away as fast as fear would let them; they staggered along the gallery, and from thence to the baron's apartment, where Wenlock sunk down in a swoon, and Markham laid just strength to knock at the door.

The servant who slept in the outer room alarmed his lord; Markham cried out, For heaven's sake let us in! Upon hearing his voice, the door was opened, and Markham approached his uncle in such an attitude of fear, as excited a degree of it in the baron. He pointed to Wenlock, who was with some difficulty recovered from the fit he was fallen into; the servant was terrified, he rung the alarm-bell; the servants came running from all parts to their lord's apartment. The young gentlemen came likewise, and presently all was confusion, and the terror was universal. Oswald, who guessed the business, was the only one that could question them. He asked several times.—What is the matter? Markham at last answered him.—We have seen the ghost!—All regard to secrecy was now at an end; the echo ran through the whole family.—They have seen the ghost!

The baron desired Oswald to talk to the young men, and endeavor to quiet the disturbance. He came forward; and comforted some, he rebuked others; he bade the servants retire into the outward room: the baron, with his sons and kinsmen, remained in the bed-chamber.—It is very unfortunate, said Oswald, that this affair should be made so public; surely these young men might have related what they had seen, without alarming the whole family; I am very much concerned on my lord's account.—I thank you, father, said the baron, but prudence was quite overthrown here: Wenlock was half dead, and Markham half distracted; the family were alarmed without my being able to prevent it: but let us hear what these poor terrified creatures say. Oswald demanded.—What have you seen, gentlemen?—The ghost, said Markham.—In what form did it appear?—A man in armor.—Did it speak to you?—No.—What did it do to terrify you so much?—It stood at the farthest door, and pointed to the outward door, as if to have us leave the room; we did not wait for a second notice, but came away as fast as we could.—Did it follow you?—No.—Then you need not have raised such a disturbance. Wenlock lifted up his head, and spoke.—I believe, father, if you had been with us, you would not have stood upon ceremonies any more than we did. I wish my lord would send you to parley with the ghost: for, without doubt, you are better qualified than we.—My lord, said Oswald, I will go thither, with your permission; I will see that every thing is safe, and bring the key back to you; perhaps this may help to dispel the fears that have been raised; at least, I will try to do it.—Thank you, father, for your good offices; do as you please.

Oswald went into the outward room. I am going, said he, to shut up the apartment. The young gentlemen have been more frightened than they had occasion for; I will try to account for it. Which of you will go with me? They all drew back, except Joseph, who offered to bear him company. They went into the bed-room in the haunted apartment, and found every thing quiet there. They put out the fire, extinguished the lights, locked the door, and brought away the key. As they returned.—I thought how it would be, said Joseph.—Hush! not a word, said Oswald; you find we are suspected of something, though they know not what. Wait till you are called upon, and then we will both speak to purpose. They carried the key to the baron.

All is quiet in the apartment, said Oswald, as we can testify.—Did you ask Joseph to go with you, said the baron, or did he offer himself?—My lord, I asked if any body would go with me, and they all declined but him; I thought proper to have a witness beside myself, for whatever might be seen or heard.—Joseph, you were servant to the late Lord Lord; what kind of a man was he?—A very comely man, please your lordship.—Should you know him if you were to see him?—I cannot say, my lord.—Would you have any objection to sleep a night in that apartment?—I beg, I hope, I beseech your lordship not to command me to do it.—You are then afraid? why did you offer yourself to go thither?—Because I was not so much frightened as the rest.—I wish you would lie a night there; but I do not insist upon it.—My lord, I am a poor ignorant old man, not fit for such an undertaking: beside, if I should see the ghost, and it should be the person of my master, and if it should tell me any thing, and bid me keep it secret, I should not dare to disclose it; and then what service should I do your lordship?—That is true, indeed, said the baron.

This speech, said Sir Robert, is both a simple and an artful one: you see, however, that Joseph is not a man for us to depend upon; he regards the Lord Lovel, though dead, more than Lord Fitz-Owen, living: he calls him his master, and promises to keep his secrets. What say you, father? Is the ghost your master, or your friend? are you under any obligations to keep his secrets?—Sir, said Oswald, I answer as Joseph does: I would sooner die than discover a secret revealed in that manner.—I thought as much, said Sir Robert; there is a mystery in father Oswald's behavior, which I cannot comprehend.—Do not reflect upon the father, said the baron, I have no cause to complain of him: perhaps the mystery may be too soon explained; but let us not anticipate evils. Oswald and Joseph have spoken like good men; I am satisfied with their answers: let us, who are innocent, rest in peace; and let us endeavor to restore peace in the family; and do you, father, assist us.—With my best services, said Oswald. He called the servants in: Let nothing be mentioned out of doors, said he, of what has lately passed within, especially in the east apartment; the young

gentlemen had not so much reason to be frightened as they apprehended; a piece of furniture fell down in the room underneath, which made the noise that alarmed them so much; but I can certify that all things in the rooms are quiet, and there is nothing to fear. All of you attend me in the chapel in an hour; do your duties, put your trust in God, and obey your lord, and you will find every thing go right as it used to do.

They dispersed; the sun rose, the day came on, and every thing went on in the usual course: but the servants were not so easily satisfied: they whispered that something was wrong, and expected the time that should set all right. The mind of the baron was employed in meditating upon these circumstances, that seemed to him the forerunners of some great events: he sometimes thought of Edmund; he sighed for his expulsion, and lamented the uncertainty of his fate; but to his family he appeared easy and satisfied.

From the time of Edmund's departure, the fair Emma had many uneasy hours; she wished to inquire after him, but feared to show any solicitude concerning him: the next day, when her brother William came into her apartment, she took courage to ask a question.—Pray, brother, can you give any guess what has become of Edmund?—No, said he, with a sigh; why do you ask me?—Because, my dear William, I should think, if any body knew, it must be you; and I thought he loved you too well to leave you in ignorance: but don't you think he left the castle in a very strange manner?—I do, my dear, there is a mystery in every circumstance of his departure: nevertheless (I will trust you with a secret) he did not leave the castle without making a distinction in my favor.—I thought so, said she; but you might tell me what you know about him.—Alas! my dear Emma, I know nothing: when I saw him last, he seemed a good deal affected, as if he were taking leave of me; and I had a foreboding that we parted for a longer time than usual.—Ah! so said I, said she, when he parted from me in the garden.—What leave did he take of you, Emma?—She blushed, and hesitated to tell him all that passed between them; but he begged, persuaded, insisted; and at length, under the strongest injunctions of secrecy, she told him all.—He said, that Edmund's behavior, on that occasion, was as mysterious as the rest of his conduct; but now you have revealed your secret, you have a right to know mine. He then gave her the letter he found upon his pillow; she read it with great emotion.—Saint Winifred assist me! said she: what can I think?

'The peasant Edmund is no more, but there lives one—' that is, to my thinking, Edmund lives, but is no peasant.—Go on, my dear, said William; I like your explanation.—Nay, brother, I only guess, but what think you?—I believe we think alike in more than one respect, that he meant to recommend no other person than himself to your favor; and, if he were indeed of noble birth, I would prefer him to a prince for a husband to my Emma.—Bless me, said she, do you think it possible that he should be either of birth or fortune?—It is hard to say what is possible: we have proof that the east apartment is haunted. It was there that Edmund was made acquainted with many secrets, I doubt not; and, perhaps, his own fate may be involved in that of others. I am confident that what he saw and heard there was the cause of his departure. We must wait with patience the unravelling of this intricate affair: I believe I need not enjoin you secrecy as to what I have said; your heart will be my security.—What mean you, brother?—Don't affect ignorance, my dear; you love Edmund, so do I: it is nothing to be ashamed of. It would have been strange, if a girl of your good sense had not distinguished a swan among a flock of geese.—Dear William, don't let a word of this escape you; but you have taken a weight off my heart. You may depend that I will not dispose of my hand or heart, till I know the end of this affair. William smiled.—Keep them for Edmund's friend: I shall rejoice to see him in a situation to ask them.—Hush! my brother; not a word more; I hear footsteps. They were her eldest brother's, who came to ask Mr. William to ride out with him, which finished the conference.

The fair Emma from this time assumed an air of satisfaction; and William frequently stole away from his companions to talk with his sister upon their favorite subject.

While these things passed at the castle of Lovel, Edmund and his companion, John Wyatt, proceeded on their journey to Sir Philip Harclay's seat; they conversed together on the way, and Edmund found him a man of understanding, though not improved by education; he also discovered that John loved his master, and respected him even to veneration; from him he learned many particulars concerning that worthy knight. Wyatt told him, that Sir Philip maintained twelve old soldiers, who had been maimed and disabled in the wars, and had no provision made for them; also six old officers, who had been unfortunate, and were grown gray without preferment; he likewise mentioned the Greek gentleman, his master's captive and friend, as a man eminent for valor and piety; but, besides these, said Wyatt, there are many others who eat of my master's bread, and drink of his cup, and who join in blessings and prayers to Heaven for their noble benefactor; his ears are ever open to distress, his hand to relieve it, and he shares in every good man's joys and blessings. Oh, what a glorious character! said Edmund: how my heart throbs with wishes to imitate such a man! Oh, that I might resemble him, though at ever so great a distance! Edmund was never weary of hearing the actions of this truly great man, nor Wyatt with relating them; and, during three days' journey, there were but few pauses in their conversation.

The fourth day, when they came within view of the house, Edmund's heart began to raise doubts of his reception.—If, said he, Sir Philip should not receive me kindly, if he should resent my long neglect, and disown my acquaintance, it would be no more than justice.

He sent Wyatt before, to notify his arrival to Sir Philip,

while he waited at the gate, full of doubt and anxieties concerning his reception. Wyatt was met and congratulated on his return by most of his fellow-servants; he asked,—Where is my master?—In the parlor.—Are any strangers with him?—No, only his own family.—Then I will show myself to him. He presented himself before Sir Philip.—So, John, said he, you are welcome home! I hope you left your parents and relations well.—All well! thank God! and send their humble duty to your honor, and they pray for you every day of their lives; I hope your honor is in good health.—Very well.—Thank God for that! but, Sir, I have something farther to tell you. I have had a companion all the way home, a person who comes to wait on your honor, on business of great consequence, as he says.—Who is that, John?—It is Master Edmund Twyford, from the castle of Lovel.—Young Edmund! says Sir Philip, surprised: where is he?—At the gate, Sir.—Why did you leave him there?—Because he bade me come before, and acquaint your honor that he waits your pleasure.—Bring him hither, said Sir Philip: tell him I shall be glad to see him.

John had haste to deliver his message, and Edmund followed in silence into Sir Philip's presence: he bowed low, and kept at a distance. Sir Philip held out his hand, and bade him approach. As he drew near he was seized with a universal trembling; he kneeled down, took his hand, kissed it, and pressed it to his heart in silence.

You are welcome, young man, said Sir Philip; take courage, and speak for yourself. Edmund sighed deeply: he at length broke silence with difficulty.—I am come thus far, noble Sir, to throw myself at your feet, and implore your protection. You are, under God, my only reliance.—I receive you, said Sir Philip, with all my heart. Your person is greatly improved since I saw you last, and I hope your mind is equally so; I have heard a great character of you from some that knew you in France. I remember the promise I made you long ago, and am ready now to fulfil it, upon condition that you have done nothing to disgrace the good opinion I formerly entertained of you; and am ready to serve you in any thing consistent with my own honor. Edmund kissed the hand that was extended to raise him.—I accept your favor, Sir, upon this condition only; and if ever you find me to impose on your credulity, or encroach on your goodness, may you renounce me from that moment.—Enough, said Sir Philip; rise, then, and let me embrace you: you are truly welcome.—Oh, noble Sir, said Edmund, I have a strange story to tell you; but it must be by ourselves, with only Heaven to bear witness to what passes between us.—Very well, said Sir Philip; I am ready to hear you: but first go and get some refreshment after your journey, and then come to me again: John Wyatt will attend you.—I want no refreshment, said Edmund; and I cannot eat nor drink till I have told my business to your honor.—Well, then, said Sir Philip, come along with me.—He took the youth by the hand, and led him into another parlor, leaving his friends in great surprise what this young man's errand could be: John Wyatt told them all that he knew relating to Edmund's birth, character, and situation.

When Sir Philip had seated his young friend, he listened in silence to the surprising tale he had to tell him. Edmund told him briefly the most remarkable circumstances of his life, from the time when he first saw and liked him, till his return from France; but from that era, he related at large every thing that had happened, recounting every interesting particular, which was imprinted on his memory in strong and lasting characters. Sir Philip grew every moment more affected by the recital; sometimes he clasped his hands together, he lifted them up to Heaven, he smote his breast, he sighed, he exclaimed aloud; when Edmund related his dream, he breathed short, and seemed to devour him with attention; when he described the fatal closet, he trembled, sighed, sobbed, and was almost suffocated with his agitation; but when he related all that had passed between his supposed mother and himself, and finally produced the jewels, the proofs of his birth, and the death of his unfortunate mother, he flew to him, he pressed him to his bosom, he strove to speak, but speech was for some minutes denied. He wept aloud; and, at length, his words found their way in broken exclamations.—Son of my dearest friend! dear and precious relic of a noble house! child of Providence! the beloved of Heaven! welcome! thrice welcome to my arms, to my heart! I will be thy parent from henceforward, and thou shalt be indeed my child, my heir! My mind told me, from the first moment I beheld thee, that thou wert the image of my friend! my heart then opened itself to receive thee, as his offspring. I had a strange foreboding that I was to be thy protector. I would then have made thee my own; but Heaven orders things for the best: it made thee the instrument of this discovery, and in its own time and manner conducted thee to my arms. Praise be to God for his wonderful doings towards the children of men! every thing that has befallen thee is by his direction, and he will not leave his work unfinished; I trust that I shall be his instrument to do justice on the guilty, and to restore the orphan of my friend to his rights and title. I devote myself to this service, and will make it the business of my life to effect it.

Edmund gave vent to his emotions, in raptures of joy and gratitude. They spent several hours in this way, without thinking of the time that passed; the one inquiring, the other explaining and repeating, every particular of the interesting story.

At length they were interrupted by the careful John Wyatt, who was anxious to know if any thing was likely to give trouble to his master. Sir, said John, it grows dark, do you want a light?—We want no light but what Heaven gives us, said Sir Philip; I knew not whether it was dark or light.—I hope, said John, nothing has happened: I hope your honor has heard no bad tidings; I—I—I hope no offence.—None

at all, said the good knight; I am obliged to your solicitude for me; I have heard some things that grieve me, and others that give me great pleasure; but the sorrows are past, and the joys remain.—Thank God! said John, I was afraid something was the matter to give your honor trouble.—I thank you, my good servant! You see this young gentleman; I would have you, John, devote yourself to his service; I give you to him for an attendant on his person, and would have you show your affection to me by your attachment to him.—Oh, Sir! said John, in a melancholy voice, what have I done to be turned out of your service.—No such matter, John, said Sir Philip; you will not leave my service.—Sir, said John, I would rather die than leave you.—And, my lad, I like you too well to part with you; but in serving my friend you will serve me: know that this young man is my son.—Your son, Sir! said John.—Not my natural son, but my relation; my son by adoption, my heir.—And will he live with you, Sir?—Yes, John; and I hope to die with him. Oh, then, I will serve him with all my heart and soul; and I will do my best to please you both.—I thank you, John, and I will not forget your honest love and duty: I have so good an opinion of you, that I will tell you of some things concerning this gentleman that will entitle him to your respect.—'Tis enough for me, said John, to know that your honor respects him, to make me pay him as much duty as yourself.—But, John, when you know him better, you will respect him still more; at present I shall only tell what he is not, for you think him only the son of Andrew Twyford.—And is he not? said John.—No, but his wife nursed him, and he passed for her son.—And does old Twyford know it, Sir?—He does, and will bear witness to it: but he is the son of a near friend of mine, of quality superior to my own, and as such you must serve and respect him.—I shall, to be sure, Sir; but what name shall I call him?—You shall know that hereafter: in the mean time bring a light, and wait on us to the other parlor.

When John was withdrawn, Sir Philip said, That is a point to be considered and determined on immediately: it is proper that you should assume a name till you can take that of your father; for I choose you should drop that of your foster-father; and I would have you be called by one that is respectable.—In that, and every other point, I will be wholly governed by you, Sir, said Edmund.—Well then, I will give you the name of Seagrave: I shall say that you are a relation of my own; and my mother was really of that family.

John soon returned, and attended them into the other parlor: Sir Philip entered with Edmund in his hand.—My friends, said he, this gentleman is Mr. Edmund Seagrave, the son of a dear friend and relation of mine: he was lost in his infancy, brought up by a good woman out of pure humanity, and is but lately restored to his own family. The circumstances shall be made known hereafter: in the mean time, I have taken him under my care and protection, and will use all my power and interest to see him restored to his fortune, which is enjoyed by the usurper, who was the cause of his expulsion, and the death of his parents. Receive him as my relation and friend: Zedisky, do you embrace him first. Edmund, you and this gentleman must love each other for my sake; hereafter you will do it for your own. They all arose, each embraced and congratulated the young man. Zedisky said—Sir, whatever griefs and misfortunes you may have endured, you may reckon them at an end, from the hour you are beloved and protected by Sir Philip Harclay.—I firmly believe it, Sir, replied Edmund; and my heart enjoys already more happiness than I ever yet felt, and promises me all that I can wish in future; his friendship is the earnest Heaven gives me of its blessings hereafter.

They sat down to supper with mutual cheerfulness; and Edmund enjoyed the repast with more satisfaction than he had felt a long time. Sir Philip saw his countenance brighten up, and looked on him with heartfelt pleasure.—Every time I look on you, said he, reminds me of your father: you are the same person I loved twenty-three years ago; I rejoice to see you under my roof. Go to your repose early, and to-morrow we will consult further. Edmund withdrew, and enjoyed a night of sweet undisturbed repose.

The next morning Edmund arose in perfect health and spirits; he waited on his benefactor. They were soon after joined by Zedisky, who showed great attention and respect to the youth, and offered him his best services without reserve. Edmund accepted them with equal respect and modesty; and finding himself at ease, began to display his amiable qualities. They breakfasted together; afterward Sir Philip desired Edmund to walk out with him.

As soon as they were out of hearing, Sir Philip said.—I could not sleep last night for thinking of your affairs; I laid schemes for you and rejected them again. We must lay our plan before we begin to act. What shall be done with this treacherous kinsman? this inhuman monster! this assassin of his nearest relation? I will risk my life and fortune to bring him to justice. Shall I go to court, and demand justice of the king? or shall I accuse him of the murder, and make him stand a public trial? If I treat him as a baron of the realm, he must be tried by his peers; if as a commoner, he must be tried at the county assize; but we must show reason why he should be degraded from his title. Have you any thing to propose?—Nothing, Sir; I have only to wish that it might be as private as possible, for the sake of my noble benefactor, the Lord Fitz-Owen, upon whom some part of the family disgrace would naturally fall; and that would be an ill return for all his kindness and generosity to me.—That is a generous and grateful consideration on your part; but you owe still more to the memory of your injured parents. However, there is yet another way that suits me better than any hitherto proposed: I will challenge the traitor to meet me in the field; and if he has spirit enough to answer my call, I will then bring him to justice; if not, I will bring him to a public trial.

No, Sir, said Edmund, that is my province. Should I stand by and see my noble, gallant friend, expose his life for me, I should be unworthy to bear the name of that friend whom you so much lament. It will become his son to vindicate his name, and revenge his death. I will be the challenger, and no other.—And do you think he will answer the challenge of an unknown youth, with nothing but his pretensions to his name and title? Certainly not. Leave this matter to me: I'll think of a way that will oblige him to meet me at the house of a third person, who is known to all the parties concerned, and where we will have authentic witnesses of all that passes between him and me. I will devise the time, place, and manner, and satisfy all your scruples. Edmund offered to reply; but Sir Philip bade him be silent, and let him proceed in his own way.

He then led him over his estate, and showed him every thing deserving his notice: he told him all the particulars of his domestic economy; and they returned home in time to meet their friends at dinner.

They spent several days in consulting how to bring Sir Walter to account, and improving their friendship and confidence in each other. Edmund endeared himself so much to his friend and patron, that he declared him his adopted son and heir before all his friends and servants, and ordered them to respect him as such. He every day improved their love and regard for him, and became the darling of the whole family.

After much consideration, Sir Philip fixed his resolutions, and began to execute his purposes. He set out for the seat of the Lord Clifford, attended by Edmund, M. Zadisky, and two servants. Lord Clifford received them with kindness and hospitality.

Sir Philip presented Edmund to Lord Clifford and his family, as his near relation and presumptive heir: they spent their evening in the pleasures of convivial mirth and hospitable entertainment. The next day Sir Philip began to open his mind to Lord Clifford, informing him that both his young friend and himself had received great injuries from the present Lord Lovel, for which they were resolved to call him to account; but that, for many reasons, they were desirous to have proper witnesses of all that should pass between them, begging the favor of his lordship to be the principal one. Lord Clifford acknowledged the confidence placed in him; and besought Sir Philip to let him be the arbitrator between them. Sir Philip assured him, that their wrongs would not admit of arbitration, as he should hereafter judge; but that he was unwilling to explain them farther till he knew certainly whether or not the Lord Lovel would meet him; for, if he refused, he must take another method with him.

Lord Clifford was desirous to know the grounds of the quarrel; but Sir Philip declined entering into particulars at present, assuring him of a full information hereafter. He then sent M. Zadisky, attended by John Wyatt, and a servant of Lord Clifford, with a letter to Lord Lovel; the contents were as follow:

"My Lord Lovel!

"Sir Philip Harclay earnestly desires to see you at the house of Lord Clifford, where he waits to call you to account for the injuries done by you to the late Arthur Lord Lovel, your kinsman: if you accept his demand, he will make the Lord Clifford a witness and a judge of the cause; if not, he will expose you publicly as a traitor and a coward. Please to answer this letter, and he will acquaint you with the time, place, and manner of the meeting. PHILIP HARCLAY."

Zadisky presented the letter to Lord Lovel, informing him that he was the friend of Sir Philip Harclay. He seemed surprised and confounded at the contents, but, putting on a haughty air,—I know nothing, said he, of the business this letter hints at: but wait a few hours, and I will give you an answer. He gave orders to treat Zadisky as a gentleman in every respect, except in avoiding his company; for the Greek had a shrewd and penetrating aspect, and he observed every turn of his countenance. The next day he came and apologized for his absence, and gave him the answer, sending his respects to the Lord Clifford. The messengers returned with all speed, and Sir Philip read the answer before all present.

"Lord Lovel knows not of any injuries done by him to the late Arthur Lord Lovel, whom he succeeded by just right of inheritance; nor of any right Sir Philip Harclay has to call to account a man to whom he is barely known, having seen him only once, many years ago, at the house of his uncle, the old Lord Lovel: nevertheless, Lord Lovel will not suffer any man to call his name and honor into question with impunity; for which reason he will meet Sir Philip Harclay at any time, place, and in what manner he shall appoint, bringing the same number of friends and dependants; that justice may be done to all parties."

"LOVEL."

"Tis well, said Sir Philip; I am glad to find he has the spirit to meet me; he is an enemy worthy of my sword. Lord Clifford then proposed, that all parties should pass the borders, and obtain leave of the warden of the Scottish marches to decide the quarrel in his jurisdiction, with a select number of friends on both sides. Sir Philip agreed to the proposal; and Lord Clifford wrote in his own name, to ask permission of the Lord Graham, that his friends might come there; and obtained it, on condition that neither party should exceed a limited number of friends and followers.

Lord Clifford sent chosen messengers to Lord Lovel, acquainting him with the conditions, and appointing the time, place, and manner of their meeting, and that he had been desired to accept the office of judge of the field. Lord Lovel accepted the conditions, and promised to be there without fail. Lord Clifford notified the same to Lord Graham, warden of the marches, who caused a piece of ground to be enclosed for the lists, and made preparations against the day appointed.

In the interim, Sir Philip Harclay thought proper to settle his worldly affairs: he made Zadisky acquainted with every circumstance of Edmund's history, and the obligation that lay upon him to revenge the death of his friend, and see justice done to his heir. Zadisky entered in the cause with an ardor that bespoke the affection he bore to his friend.—Why, said he, would you not suffer me to engage this traitor? Your life is of too much consequence to be staked against his; but, though I trust that the justice of your cause must succeed, yet, if it should happen otherwise, I vow to revenge you; he shall never go back from us both: however, my hope and trust is, to see your arm the minister of justice. Sir Philip then sent for a lawyer, and made his will, by which he appointed Edmund his chief heir, by the name of Lovel, alias Seagrave, alias Twyford: he ordered that all his old friends, soldiers, and servants should be maintained in the same manner during their lives: he left to Zadisky an annuity of a hundred year, and a legacy of two hundred pounds; one hundred pounds to a certain monastery; the same sum to be distributed among disbanded soldiers, and the same to the poor and needy in his neighborhood.

He appointed Lord Clifford joint executor with Edmund, and gave his will into that nobleman's care, recommending Edmund to his favor and protection. If I live, said he, I will make him appear to be worthy of it; if I die, he will want a friend. I am desirous your lordship, as a judge of the field, should be unprejudiced on either side, that you may judge impartially. If I die, Edmund's pretensions die with me; but my friend Zadisky will acquaint you with the foundation of them. I take these precautions, because I ought to be prepared for every thing; but my heart is warm with better hopes, and I trust I shall live to justify my own cause, as well as that of my friend, who is a person of more consequence than he appears to be. Lord Clifford accepted the trust, and expressed the greatest reliance upon Sir Philip's honor and veracity.

While these preparations were making for the great event that was to decide the pretensions of Edmund, his enemies at the castle of Lovel were brought to shame for their behavior to him.

The disagreement between Wenlock and Markham had by degrees brought on an explanation of some parts of their conduct. Father Oswald had often hinted to the baron Wenlock's envy of Edmund's superior qualities, and the artifices by which he had obtained such an influence with Sir Robert, as to make him take his part on all occasions. Oswald now took advantage of the breach between these two incendiaries, to persuade Markham to justify himself at Wenlock's expense, and to tell all he knew of his wickedness; at length he promised to declare all he knew of Wenlock's conduct, as well in France as since their return, when he should be called upon; and, by him, Oswald was enabled to unravel the whole of his contrivances against the honor, interest, and even life, of Edmund.

He prevailed on Hewson, and Kemp his associate, to add their testimony to the others. Hewson confessed that he was touched in his conscience, when he reflected on the cruelty and injustice of his behavior to Edmund; whose behavior towards him, after he had laid a snare for his life, was so noble and generous, that he was cut to the heart by it, and had suffered so much pain and remorse, that he longed for nothing so much as an opportunity to unburden his mind; but the dread of Mr. Wenlock's anger, and the effects of his resentment, had hitherto kept him silent, always hoping there would come a time when he might have leave to declare the whole truth.

Oswald conveyed this information to the baron's ear, who waited for an opportunity to make the proper use of it. Not long after, the two principal incendiaries came to an open rupture, and Markham threatened Wenlock that he would show his uncle what a serpent he had harbored in his bosom. The baron arrested his words, and insisted upon his telling all he knew: adding, if you speak the truth, I will support you; but if you prove false, I will punish you severely. As to Mr. Wenlock, he shall have a fair trial; and, if all the accusations I have heard are made good, it is high time that I should put him out of my family. The baron, with a stern aspect, bade them follow him into the great hall; and sent for all the rest of the family together.

He then, with great solemnity, told them he was ready to hear all sides of the question. He declared the whole substance of his informations, and called upon the accusers to support the charge. Hewson and Kemp gave the same account they had done to Oswald, offering to swear to the truth of their testimony; several of the other servants related such circumstances as had come to their knowledge. Markham then spoke of every thing, and gave a particular account of all that had passed on the night they spent in the east apartment; he accused himself of being privy to Wenlock's villainy, called himself fool and blockhead, for being the instrument of his malignant disposition, and asked pardon of his uncle for concealing it so long.

The baron called upon Wenlock to reply to the charge; who, instead of answering, flew into a passion, raged, swore, threatened, and finally denied every thing. The witnesses persisted in their assertions. Markham desired leave to make known the reason why they were all afraid of him. He gives it out, said he, that he is to be my lord's son-in-law, and they, supposing him to stand first in his favor, are afraid of his displeasure.—I hope, said the baron, I shall not be at such a loss for a son-in-law, as to make choice of such a one as him; he never but once hinted at such a thing, and then I gave him no encouragement. I have long seen there was something very wrong in him; but I did not believe he was of so wicked a disposition: it is no wonder that princes should be so frequently deceived, when I, a private man, could be so much imposed upon within the circle of my own

family. What think you, son Robert?—I, Sir, have been much more imposed upon; and I take shame to myself on the occasion.—Enough, my son, said the baron; a generous confession is only a proof of growing wisdom. You are now sensible, that the best of us all are liable to imposition. The artifices of this unworthy kinsman have set us at variance with each other, and driven away an excellent youth from this house, to go I know not whither; but he shall no longer triumph in his wickedness; he shall feel what it is to be banished from the house of his protector. He shall set out for his mother's this very day; I will write to her in such a manner as shall inform her that he has offended me, without particularizing the nature of his faults: I will give him an opportunity of recovering his credit with his own family, and this shall be my security against his doing farther mischief. May he repent, and be forgiven.

Markham deserves punishment, but not in the same degree.—I confess it, said he, and will submit to whatever your lordship shall enjoin.—You shall only be banished for a time, but he for ever. I will send you abroad, on a business that shall put you in a way to do credit to yourself, and service to me. Son Robert, have you any objection to my sentence?—My lord, said he, I have great reason to distrust myself; I am sensible of my own weakness, and your superior wisdom, as well as goodness; and I will henceforward submit to you in all things.

The baron ordered two of his servants to pack up Wenlock's clothes and necessities, and to set out with him that very day; he bade some others keep an eye upon him lest he should escape. As soon as they were ready, my lord wished him a good journey, and gave him a letter for his mother. He departed without saying a word, in a sullen kind of resentment; but his countenance showed the inward agitations of his mind.

As soon as he was gone, every mouth was opened against him; a thousand stories came out that they never heard before: the baron and his sons were astonished that he should go on so long without detection. My lord sighed deeply at the thoughts of Edmund's expulsion, and ardently wished to know what was become of him.

Sir Robert took the opportunity of coming to an explanation with his brother William; he took shame to himself for some part of his past behavior. Mr. William owned his affection to Edmund, and justified it by his merit and attachment to him, which were such that he was certain no time or distance could alter them. He accepted his brother's acknowledgment, as a full amends for all that had passed, and begged that henceforward an entire love and confidence might ever subsist between them. These new regulations restored peace, confidence, and harmony, in the castle of Lovel.

At length the day arrived for the combatants to meet. The Lord Graham, with twelve followers, gentlemen, and twelve servants, was ready at the dawn of day to receive them.

The first that entered the field was Sir Philip Harclay, knight, armed completely, excepting his head-piece; Hugh Rugby, his squire, bearing his lance; John Barnard, his page, carrying his helmet and spurs; and two servants in his proper livery. The next came Edmund, the heir of Lovel, followed by his servant, John Wyatt; Zadisky, followed by his servant.

At a short distance came the Lord Clifford, as judge of the field, with his esquire, two pages, and two livery servants; followed by his eldest son, his nephew, and a gentleman his friend, each attended by one servant: he also brought a surgeon of note to take care of the wounded.

The Lord Graham saluted them; and by his order they took their places without the lists, and the trumpet sounded for the challenger. It was answered by the defendant, who soon after appeared, attended by three gentlemen, his friends, with each one servant, beside his own proper attendants.

A place was erected for the Lord Clifford, as judge of the field; he desired Lord Graham would share the office, who accepted it, on condition that the combatants, should make no objection: and they agreed to it with the greatest courtesy and respect. They consulted together on many points of honor and ceremony between the two combatants.

They appointed a marshal of the field, and other inferior officers, usually employed on these occasions. The Lord Graham sent the marshal for the challenger, desiring him to declare the cause of his quarrel before his enemy. Sir Philip Harclay then advanced, and thus spoke:

"I, Philip Harclay, knight, challenge Walter, commonly called Lord Lovel, as a base, treacherous, and bloody man, who, by his wicked arts and devices, did kill, or cause to be killed, his kinsman, Arthur Lord Lovel, my dear and noble friend. I am called upon in an extraordinary manner, to revenge his death; and I will prove the truth of what I have affirmed at the peril of my life."

Lord Graham then bade the defendant answer to the charge. Lord Lovel stood forth before his followers, and thus replied:

"I, Walter, Baron of Lovel, do deny the charge against me, and affirm it to be a base, false, and malicious accusation of this Sir Philip Harclay, which I believe to be invented by himself, or else framed by some enemy, and told to him for wicked ends; but, be that as it may, I will maintain my own honor, and prove him to be a false traitor at the hazard of my own life, and to the punishment of his presumption."

Then said the Lord Graham—Will not this quarrel admit of arbitration?—No, replied Sir Philip; when I have justified this charge, I have more to bring against him. I trust in God and the justice of my cause, and defy that traitor to the death! Lord Clifford then spoke a few words to Lord Graham, who immediately called to the marshal, and bade him open the lists, and deliver their weapons to the combatants.

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While the marshal was arranging the combatants and their followers, Edmund approached his friend and patron; he put one knee to the ground, he embraced his knees with the strongest emotion of grief and anxiety. He was dressed in complete armor, with his visor down; his device was a hawk-thorn, with a graft of the rose upon it, the motto—*This is not my true parent*; but Sir Philip bade him take these words—*Efractu arbor cognoscitur*.

Sir Philip embraced the youth with strong marks of affection: "So composed, my child! said he: I have neither guilt, fear, nor doubt in me; I am so certain of success, that I bid you be prepared for the consequence. Zadiski embraced his friend, he comforted Edmund, he suggested every thing that could confirm his hopes of success.

The marshal waited to deliver the spear to Sir Philip; he now presented it with the usual form.—Sir, receive your lance, and God defend the right!—Sir Philip answered, Amen! in a voice that was heard by all present.

He next presented his weapon to Lord Lovel, with the same sentence, who likewise answered, Amen! with a good courage. Immediately the lists were cleared, and the combatants began to fight.

They contended a long time with equal skill and courage; at length Sir Philip unhorsed his antagonist. The judges ordered, that either he should alight, or suffer his enemy to remount; he chose the former, and a short combat on foot ensued. The sweat ran off their bodies with the violence of the exercise. Sir Philip watched every motion of his enemy, and strove to weary him out, intending to wound, but not to kill him, unless obliged for his own safety.

He thrust his sword through his left arm, and demanded whether he would confess the fact? Lord Lovel enraged, answered, he would die sooner. Sir Philip then passed the sword through his body twice, and Lord Lovel fell, crying out that he was slain.

I hope not, said Sir Philip, for I have a great deal of business for you to do before you die: confess your sins, and endeavor to atone for them, as the only ground to hope for pardon. Lord Lovel replied,—"You are the victor, use your good fortune generously!"

Sir Philip took away his sword, and then waved it over his head, and beckoned for assistance. The judges sent to beg Sir Philip to spare the life of his enemy.—I will, said he, upon condition that he will make an honest confession.

Lord Lovel desired a surgeon and a confessor.—You shall have both, said Sir Philip; but you must first answer me a question or two. Did you kill your kinsman or not?—It was not my hand that killed him, answered the wounded man.—It was done by your own order, however: you shall have no assistance till you answer this point.—It was, said he, and Heaven is just!—Bear witness all present, said Sir Philip, he confesses the fact!

He then beckoned Edmund, who approached.—Take off your helmet, said he: look on that youth, he is the son of your injured kinsman.—It is himself, said the Lord Lovel, and fainted away.

Sir Philip then called for a surgeon and a priest, both of which Lord Graham had provided; the former began to bind up his wounds, and his assistants poured a cordial into his mouth.—Preserve his life, if it be possible, said Sir Philip, for much depends upon it.

He then took Edmund by the hand, and presented him to all the company.—In this young man, said he, you see the true heir of the house of Lovel! Heaven has, in its own way, made him the instrument to discover the death of his parents. His father was assassinated by order of that wicked man, who now receives his punishment; his mother was, by his cruel treatment, compelled to leave her own house; she was delivered in the fields, and perished herself in seeking a shelter for her infant. I have sufficient proofs of every thing I say, which I am ready to communicate to every person who desires to know the particulars: Heaven, by my hand, has chastised him; he has confessed the fact I accuse him of, and it remains that he make restitution of the fortune and honors he hath usurped so long.

Edmund knelt, and with uplifted hands returned thanks to Heaven, that his noble friend and champion was crowned with victory! The lords and gentlemen gathered round them; they congratulated them both; while Lord Lovel's friends and followers were employed in taking care of him. Lord Clifford took Sir Philip's hand.—You have acted with so much honor and prudence, that it is presumptuous to offer you advice; but what mean you to do with the wounded man?—I have not determined, said he: I thank you for the hint, and beg your advice how to proceed.—Let us consult Lord Graham, replied he. Lord Graham insisted upon their going all to his castle; there, said he, you will have impartial witnesses of all that passes. Sir Philip was unwilling to give so much trouble. The Lord Graham protested he should be proud to do any service to so noble a gentleman. Lord Clifford enforced his request, saying, it was better upon all accounts to keep their prisoner on this side the borders, till they saw what turn his health would take, and to keep him safely, till he had settled his worldly affairs.

This resolution being taken, Lord Graham invited the wounded man and his friends to his castle, as being the nearest place where he could be lodged and taken proper care of, "being dangerous to carry him farther. They accepted the proposal, with many acknowledgments; and, having made a kind of litter of boughs, they all proceeded to Lord Graham's castle, where they put Lord Lovel to bed, and the surgeon dressed his wounds, and desired he might be kept quiet, not knowing at present whether they were dangerous or not.

About an hour after, the wounded man complained of thirst; he asked for the surgeon, and inquired if his life was in danger? The surgeon answered him doubtfully. He asked,—Where is Sir Philip Harclay?—In the castle,—

Where is that young man whom he calls the heir of Lovel?—He is here too.—Then I am surrounded with my enemies. I want to speak to one of my own servants, without witnesses; let one be sent to me.

The surgeon withdrew, and acquainted the gentlemen below.—He shall not speak to any man, said Sir Philip, but in my presence. He went with him into the sick man's room. Upon the sight of Sir Philip, he seemed in great agitation.—Am I not allowed to speak with my own servant? said he.—Yes, Sir, you may; but not without witnesses.—Then I am a prisoner, it seems?—No, not so, Sir; but some caution is necessary at present: but compose yourself; I do not wish for your death.—Then why did you seek it? I never injured you.—Yes, you have, in the person of my friend, and I am only the instrument of justice in the hand of Heaven; endeavor to make atonement while life is spared to you. Shall I send the priest to you? perhaps he may convince you of the necessity of restitution, in order to obtain forgiveness of your sins.

Sir Philip sent for the priest and the surgeon, and obliged the servant to retire with him.—I leave you, Sir, to the care of these gentlemen; and whenever a third person is admitted, I will be his attendant: I will visit you again within an hour. He then retired, and consulted his friends below; they were of opinion that no time should be lost.—You will then, said he, accompany me into the sick man's apartment in an hour's time.

Within the hour, Sir Philip, attended by Lord Clifford and Lord Graham, entered the chamber. Lord Lovel was in great emotion; the priest stood on one side of the bed, the surgeon on the other; the former exhorted him to confess his sins, the other desired he might be left to his repose. Lord Lovel seemed in great anguish of mind; he trembled, and was in the utmost confusion. Sir Philip entreated him, with the piety of a confessor, to consider his soul's health before that of his body. He then asked Sir Philip, by what means he knew that he was concerned in the death of his kinsman?—Sir, replied he, it was not merely by human means this fact was discovered. There is a certain apartment in the castle of Lovel, that has been shut up these one-and-twenty years, but has lately been opened and examined into.

Oh, Heaven! exclaimed he, then Geoffrey must have betrayed me!—No, Sir, he has not; it was revealed in a very extraordinary manner to that youth, whom it most concerns.—How can he be the heir of Lovel?—By being the son of that unfortunate woman, whom you cruelly obliged to leave her own house, to avoid being compelled to wed the murderer of her husband: we are not ignorant, moreover, of the fictitious funeral you made for her. All is discovered, and you will not tell us any more than we know already; but we desire to have it confirmed by your confession.—The judgments of Heaven are falling upon me! said Lord Lovel. I am childless, and one is arisen from the grave to claim my inheritance.—Nothing then hinders you to do justice, and make restitution; it is for the ease of your conscience; and you have no other way of making atonement for all the mischief you have done.—You know too much, said the criminal, and I will relate what you do not know.

You may remember, proceeded he, that I saw you once at my uncle's house?—I well remember it.—At that time my mind was disturbed by the baneful passion of envy; it was from that root all my bad actions sprung.—Praise be to God! said the good priest; he hath touched your heart with true contrition, and you show the effect of his mercies; you will do justice, and you will be rewarded by the gift of repentance unto salvation. Sir Philip desired the penitent to proceed.

My kinsman excelled me in every kind of merit, in the graces of person and mind, in all his exercises, and in every accomplishment. I was totally eclipsed by him, and I hated to be in his company; but what finished my aversion, was his addressing the lady upon whom I had fixed my affections: I strove to rival him there, but she gave him the preference: that, indeed, was only his due; but I could not bear to see, or acknowledge it.

The most bitter hatred took possession of my breast, and I vowed to revenge the supposed injury as soon as opportunity should offer. I buried my resentment deep in my heart, and outwardly appeared to rejoice at his success; I made a merit of resigning my pretensions to him, but I could not bear to be present at his nuptials: I retired to my father's seat, and brooded over my revenge in secret. My father died this year, and soon after my uncle followed him; within another year my kinsman was summoned to attend the king on his Welsh expedition.

As soon as I heard he was gone from home, I resolved to prevent his return, exulting in the prospect of possessing his title, fortune, and his lady. I hired messengers, who were constantly going and coming, to give me intelligence of all that passed at the castle; I went there soon after, under pretence of visiting my kinsman. My spies brought me an account of all that happened; one informed me of the event of the battle, but could not tell whether my rival was living or dead; I hoped the latter, that I might avoid the crime I meditated: I reported his death to his lady, who took it very heavily.

Soon after a messenger arrived with tidings, that he was alive and well, and had obtained leave to return home immediately.

I instantly dispatched my two emissaries to intercept him on the way. He made so much haste to return, that he was met within a mile of his own castle: he had out-rid his servants, and was alone; they killed him, and drew him aside out of the highway. They then came to me with all speed, and desired my orders; it was then about sunset: I sent them back to fetch the dead body, which they brought privately into the castle. They tied it neck and heels, and

put it into a trunk, which they buried under the floor in the closet you mentioned. The sight of the body stung me to the heart; I then felt the pangs of remorse, but it was too late: I took every precaution that prudence suggested to prevent the discovery; but nothing can be concealed from the eye of Heaven!

From that fatal hour I have never known peace, always in fear of something impending to discover my guilt, and to bring me to shame: at length I am overtaken by justice. I am brought to a severe reckoning here, and I dread to meet one more severe hereafter.

Enough, said the priest; you have done a good work, my son: trust in the Lord; and now this burden is off your mind, the rest will be made easy to you.

Lord Lovel took a minute's repose, and then went on.—I hope, by the hint you gave, Sir Philip, the poor lady is yet alive.—No, Sir, she is not: but she died not till she brought forth a son, whom Heaven made its instrument to discover and avenge the death of both his parents.—They are well avenged! said he. I have no children to lament for me; all mine have been taken from me in the bloom of youth; only one daughter lived to be twelve years old: I intended her for a wife for one of my nephews, but within three months I have buried her. He sighed, wept, and was silent.

The gentlemen present lifted up their hands and eyes to Heaven in silence.—The will of Heaven be obeyed! said the priest. My penitent has confessed all: what more would you require?—That he make atonement, said Sir Philip; that he surrender the title and estate to the right heir, and dispose of his own proper fortune to the nearest relations, and resign himself to penitence and preparation for a future state. For this time I leave him with you, father, and will join my prayers with yours for his repentance.

So saying, he left the room, and was followed by the barons and the surgeon; the priest alone remaining with him. As soon as they were out of hearing, Sir Philip questioned the surgeon concerning his patient's situation; who answered, that at present he saw no signs of immediate danger, but he could not yet pronounce that there was none: if he were mortally wounded, said he, he could not be so well, nor speak so without faintness; and it is my opinion, that he will soon recover, if nothing happens to retard the cure. Then, said Sir Philip, keep this opinion from him; for I would suffer the fear of death to operate on him until he hath performed some necessary acts of justice: let it only be known to these noblemen, upon whose honor I can rely, and I trust they will approve my request to you, Sir.—I join in it, said Lord Clifford, from the same motives.—I insist upon it, said Lord Graham; and I can answer for my surgeon's discretion.

My lords, said the surgeon, you may depend on my fidelity; and, after what I have just heard, my conscience is engaged in this noble gentleman's behalf, and I will do every thing in my power to second your intentions.—I thank you, Sir, said Sir Philip, and you may depend on my gratitude in return. I presume you will sit up with him to-night; if any danger should arise, I desire to be called immediately: but, otherwise, I would suffer him to rest quietly, that he may be prepared for the business of the following day.—I shall obey your directions, Sir; my necessary attendance will give me a pretence not to leave him, and thus I shall hear all that passes between him and all that visit him.—You will oblige me highly, said Sir Philip, and I shall go to rest with confidence in your care.

The surgeon returned to the sick man's chamber, Sir Philip and the barons to the company below: they supped in the great hall, with all the gentlemen that were present at the combat. Sir Philip and Edmund retired to their repose, being heartily fatigued; and the company staid to a late hour, commenting upon the action of the day, praising the courage and generosity of the noble knight, and wishing a good event to his undertaking.

Most of Lord Lovel's friends went away as soon as they saw him safely lodged, being ashamed of him, and of their appearance in his behalf; and the few that staid were induced by their desire of a farther information of the base action he had committed, and to justify their own characters and conduct.

The next morning Sir Philip entered into consultation with the two barons, on the methods he should take to get Edmund received and acknowledged as heir of the house of Lovel. They were all of opinion that the criminal should be kept in fear till he had settled his worldly affairs, and they had resolved how to dispose of him. With this determination they entered his room, and inquired of the surgeon how he had passed the night?—He shook his head, and said but little.

Lord Lovel desired that he might be removed to his own house. Lord Graham said, he could not consent to that, as there was evident danger in removing him; and appealed to the surgeon, who confirmed his opinion. Lord Graham desired he would make himself easy, and that he should have every kind of assistance there.

Sir Philip then proposed to send for the Lord Fitz-Owen, who would see that all possible care was taken of his brother-in-law, and would assist him in settling his affairs. Lord Lovel was against it; he was peevish and uneasy, and desired to be left with only his own servants to attend him. Sir Philip quitted the room with a significant look; and the two lords endeavored to reconcile him to his situation. He interrupted them.—It is easy for men in your situation to advise, but it is difficult for one in mine to practise; wounded in body and mind, it is natural that I should strive to avoid the extremes of shame and punishment: I thank you for your kind offices, and beg I may be left with my own servants.—With them, and the surgeon, you shall, said Lord Graham; and they both retired.

Sir Philip met them below.—My lords, said he, I am de-

sirous that my Lord Fitz-Owen should be sent for, and that he may hear his brother's confession; for I suspect that he may hereafter deny, what only the fear of death has extorted from him; with your permission, I am determined to send messengers to-day. They both expressed approbation, and Lord Clifford proposed to write to him, saying,—A letter from an impartial person will have the more weight: I will send one of my principal domestics with your own. This measure being resolved upon, Lord Clifford retired to write, and Sir Philip to prepare his servants for instant departure. Edmund desired leave to write to father Oswald, and John Wyatt was ordered to be the bearer of his letter. When the Lord Clifford had finished his letter, he read it to Sir Philip, and his chosen friends, as follows:

‘Right Honorable my good Lord,

‘I have taken upon me to acquaint your lordship, that there has been a solemn combat at arms between your brother-in-law, the Lord Lovel, and Sir Philip Harclay, knight, of Yorkshire. It was fought in the jurisdiction of the Lord Graham, who, with myself, was appointed judge of the field; it was fairly won, and Sir Philip is the conqueror. After he had gained the victory, he declared at large the cause of the quarrel, and that he had revenged the death of Arthur Lord Lovel, his friend, whom the present Lord Lovel had assassinated, that he might enjoy his title and estate. The wounded man confessed the fact; and Sir Philip gave him his life, and only carried off his sword, as a trophy of his victory. Both the victor and the vanquished were conveyed to Lord Graham's castle, where the Lord Lovel now lies in great danger. He is desirous to settle his worldly affairs, and to make his peace with God and man. Sir Philip Harclay says, there is a male heir of the house of Lovel, for whom he claims the title and estate; but he is very desirous that your lordship should be present at the disposal of your brother's property, that of right belongs to him, of which your children are the undoubted heirs: he also wants to consult you in many other points of honor and equity. Let me entreat you on the receipt of this letter, to set out immediately for Lord Graham's castle, where you will be received with the utmost respect and hospitality. You will hear things that will surprise you as much as they do me; you will judge of them with that justice and honor which speaks your character; and you will unite with us in wondering at the ways of Providence, and submitting to its decrees, in punishing the guilty, and doing justice to the innocent and oppressed. My best wishes and prayers attend you and your hopeful family.

My lord, I remain your humble servant,
‘CLIFFORD.’

Every one present expressed the highest approbation of this letter. Sir Philip gave orders to John Wyatt to be very circumspect in his behavior, to give Edmund's letter privately to father Oswald, and to make no mention of him, or his pretensions to Lovel castle.

Lord Clifford gave his servants the requisite precautions. Lord Graham added a note of invitation, and sent it by a servant of his own. As soon as all things were ready, the messengers set out with all speed for the castle of Lovel.

They stayed no longer by the way than to take some refreshment, but rode night and day till they arrived there.

Lord Fitz-Owen was in the parlor with his children; father Oswald was walking in the avenue before the house, when he saw three messengers, whose horses seemed jaded, and the riders fatigued, like men come a long journey. He came up, just as the first had delivered his message to the porter. John Wyatt knew him; he dismounted, and made signs that he had something to say to him; he retired back a few steps, and John, with great dexterity, slipped a letter into his hand. The father gave him his blessing, and a welcome.—Who do you come from? said he, aloud.—From the Lords Graham and Clifford, to the Lord Fitz-Owen; and we bring letters of consequence to the baron.

Oswald followed the messengers into the hall; a servant announced their arrival. Lord Fitz-Owen received them in the parlor: Lord Clifford's servant delivered his master's letter, Lord Graham's his, and they said they would retire, and wait his lordship's answer. The baron ordered them some refreshment. They retired, and he opened his letters: he then read them with great agitation; he struck his hand upon his heart, he exclaimed, My fears are all verified! the blow is struck, and it has fallen upon the guilty.

Oswald came in a minute after.—You are come in good time, said the baron. Read that letter, that my children may know the contents. He read it with faltering voice, and trembling limbs. They were all in great surprise. William looked down, and kept a studied silence. Sir Robert exclaimed—Is it possible? can my uncle be guilty of such an action?—You hear, said the baron, he has confessed it.—But to whom? said Sir Robert.—His father replied, Lord Clifford's honor is unquestionable, and I cannot doubt what he affirms.

Sir Robert leaned his head upon his hand, as one lost in thought: at length he seemed to awake.—My lord, I have no doubt that Edmund is at the bottom of this business. Do you not remember that Sir Philip Harclay long ago promised him his friendship? Edmund disappears; and, soon after, this man challenges my uncle. You know what passed here before his departure; he has suggested this affair to Sir Philip, and incited him to this action. This is the return he has made for the favors he has received from our family, to which he owes every thing.—Softly, my son, said the baron; let us be cautious of reflecting upon Edmund: there is a greater hand in this business. My conjecture was too true: it was in that fatal apartment that he was made acquainted with the circumstances of Lord Lovel's death; he was, perhaps, enjoined to reveal them to Sir Philip Harclay, the bosom friend of the deceased. The mystery of that apartment is disclosed, the woe to the guilty is accomplished.

There is no reflection upon any one; Heaven effects its purposes in its own time and manner. I and mine are innocent; let us worship and be silent!

But what do you propose to do? said Sir Robert.—To return with the messengers, answered the baron. I think it highly proper that I should see your uncle, and hear what he has to say; my children are his heirs; in justice to them, I ought to be acquainted with every thing that concerns the disposal of his fortune.—Your lordship is in the right, answered Sir Robert, it concerns us all: I have only to ask your permission to bear you company.—With all my heart, said the baron: I have only to ask of you in return, that you will command yourself, and not speak your mind hastily; wait for the proofs before you give judgment, and take advice of your reason before you decide upon any thing: if you reflect upon the past, you will find reason to distrust yourself. Leave all to me, and be assured I will protect your honor and my own.—I will obey you in all things, my lord; and will make immediate preparation for our departure. So saying, he left the room.

As soon as he was gone, Mr. William broke silence.—My lord, said he, if you have no great objection, I beg leave also to accompany you both.—You shall, my son, if you desire it; I think I can see your motives, and your brother's also; your coolness will be a good balance to his warmth: you shall go with us. My son Walter shall be his sister's protector in our absence, and he shall be master here till we return.—I hope, my dear father, that will not be long: I shall not be happy till you come home, said the fair Emma.—It shall be no longer, my dearest, than till this untoward affair is settled. The baron desired to know when the messengers were expected to return. Oswald took this opportunity to retire; he went to his own apartment, and read the letter as follows:

‘The heir of Lovel, to his dear and revered friend, father Oswald.

‘Let my friends at the castle of Lovel know that I live in hopes one day to see them there. If you could, by any means, return with the messengers, your testimony would add weight to mine; perhaps you might obtain permission to attend the baron: I leave it to you to manage this. John Wyatt will inform you of all that has passed here, and that hitherto my success has outrun my expectation, and, almost, my wishes. I am in the high road to my inheritance; and trust that the Power who hath conducted me thus far, will not leave his work unfinished. Tell my beloved William that I live, and hope to embrace him before long. I recommend myself to your holy prayers and blessing, and remain your son and servant,

Oswald then went to the messengers; he drew John Wyatt to a distance from the rest, and got the information he wanted: he stayed with him till he was sent for by the baron, to whom he went directly, and prevented his questions by saying,—I have been talking with the messengers: I find they have travelled night and day to bring the letters with all speed; they only require one night's rest, and will be ready to set out with you to-morrow.—’Tis well, said the baron; we will set out as soon as they are ready.—My lord, said Oswald, I have a favor to beg of you; it is, that I may attend you; I have seen the progress of this wonderful discovery, and I have a great desire to see the conclusion of it; perhaps my presence may be of service in the course of your business.—Perhaps it may, said the baron; I have no objection, if you desire to go. They then separated, and went to prepare for their journey.

Oswald had a private interview with Joseph, whom he informed of all that he knew, and his resolution to attend the baron on his journey to the north.—I go, said he, to bear witness in behalf of injured innocence: if it be needful, I shall call upon you; therefore hold yourself in readiness, in case you should be sent for.—That I will, said Joseph, and spend my last remains of life and strength, to help my young lord to his right and title; but do not they begin to suspect who is the heir of Lovel? Not in the least, said Oswald; they think him concerned in the discovery, but have no idea of his being interested in the event.—Oh, father! said Joseph, I shall think every day a week till you return; but I will no longer keep you from your repose.—Good night, said Oswald; but I have another visit to pay before I go to rest.

He left Joseph, and went on tip-toe to Mr. William's room, and tapped at his door; he came and opened it.—What news, father?—Not much; I have only orders to tell you that Edmund is well, and as much your friend as ever.—I guessed, said William, that we should hear something of him: I have still another guess.—What is that, my child?—That we shall see or hear of him where we are going.—It is very likely, said Oswald; and I would have you be prepared for it; I am confident we shall hear nothing to his discredit.—I am certain of that, said William, and I shall rejoice to see him: I conclude that he is under the protection of Sir Philip Harclay.—He is so, said Oswald; I had my information from Sir Philip's servant, who is one of the messengers, and was guide to the others in their way hither. After some farther conversation they separated, and each went to his repose.

The next morning the whole party set out on their journey; they travelled by easy stages on account of the baron's health, which began to be impaired, and arrived in health and spirits at the castle of Lord Graham, where they were received with the utmost respect and kindness by the noble master.

The Lord Lovel has recovered his health and strength as much as possible in that time, and was impatient to be gone from thence to his own house. He was surprised to hear of the arrival of his brother and nephews, and expressed no pleasure at the thoughts of seeing them. When Sir Philip Harclay came to pay his respects to Baron Fitz-Owen, the latter received him with civility, but with a coldness that was apparent.—Sir Robert left the room, doubting his resolution. Sir Philip advanced, and took the baron by the hand.—My

Lord, said he, I rejoice to see you here. I cannot be satisfied with the bare civilities of such a man as you. I aspire to your esteem, to your friendship, and I shall not be happy till I obtain them. I will make you the judge of every part of my conduct, and where you shall condemn me, I will condemn myself.

The baron was softened; his noble heart felt its alliance with its counterpart, but he thought the situation of his brother demanded some reserve towards the man who sought his life; but in spite of himself, it wore off every moment. Lord Clifford related all that had passed, with a due regard to Sir Philip's honor: he remarked how nobly he concealed the cause of his resentment against the Lord Lovel till the day of combat, that he might not prepossess the judges against him. He enlarged on his humanity to the vanquished, on the desire he expressed to have justice done to his heirs; finally, he mentioned his great respect for the Lord Fitz-Owen, and the solicitude he showed to have him come to settle the estate of the sick man in favor of his children. Lord Clifford also employed his son to soften Sir Robert, and to explain to him every doubtful part of Sir Philip's behavior.

After the travellers had taken some rest, the Lord Graham proposed that they should make a visit to the sick man's chamber. The lords sent to acquaint him they were coming to visit him, and they followed the messenger. The Lord Fitz-Owen went up to the bedside; he embraced his brother with strong emotions of concern; Sir Robert followed him; then Mr. William. Lord Lovel embraced them, but said nothing; his countenance showed his inward agitations. Lord Fitz-Owen first broke silence.—I hope, said he, I see my brother better than I expected. Lord Lovel bit his finger, he pulled the bed clothes, he seemed almost distracted; at length he broke out—I owe no thanks to those who sent for my relations! Sir Philip Harclay, you have used ungenerously the advantage you have gained over me! you spared my life only to take away my reputation. You have exposed me to strangers; and what is worse, to my dearest friends; when I lay in a state of danger, you obliged me to say any thing, and now you take advantage of it, to ruin me in my friend's affection; but, if I recover you may repent it.

Sir Philip then came forward.—My lords, I shall take no notice of what this unhappy man has just now said; I shall appeal to you, as the honorable witnesses of all that has passed: you see it was no more than necessary. I appeal to you for the motives of my treatment of him, before, at, and after our meeting. I did not take his life, as I might have done: I wished him to repent of his sins, and to make restitution of what he unjustly possessed. I was called out to do an act of justice; I had taken the heir of Lovel under my protection, my chief view was to see justice done to him; that regarded this man was but a secondary motive. This was my end, and I will never, never lose sight of it.

Lord Lovel seemed almost choked with passion, to see every one giving some marks of approbation and respect to Sir Philip. He called out,—I demand to know who is this pretended heir, whom he brings out to claim my title and fortune?—My noble auditors, said Sir Philip, I shall appeal to your judgment, in regard to the proofs of my ward's birth and family: every circumstance shall be laid before you, and you shall decide upon them.

Here is a young man, supposed the son of a peasant, who, by a train of circumstances that could not have happened by human contrivances, discovers not only who were his real parents, but that they came to untimely deaths. He even discovers the different places where their bones are buried, both out of consecrated ground, and appeals to their ashes for the truth of his pretensions. He has also living proofs to offer, that will convince the most incredulous. I have deferred entering into particulars till the arrival of Baron Fitz-Owen; I know his noble heart, and honorable character, from one that has been long an eye-witness of his goodness; such is the opinion I have of his justice, that I will accept him as one of the judges in his brother's cause. I and my ward will bring our proofs before him, and the company here present; in the course of time it will appear that he is the best qualified of any to judge of them, because he can ascertain many of the facts we shall have occasion to mention: I will rest our cause upon their decision.

Lord Graham applauded Sir Philip's appeal, affirming his own impartiality, and calling upon Lord Clifford and his son, and also his own nephews, who were present. Lord Clifford said,—Sir Philip offers fairly, and like himself; there can be no place nor persons more impartial than the present, and I presume that Lord Lovel can have no objection.—No objection! answered he; what, to be tried like a criminal, to have judges appointed over me, to decide upon my right to my own estate and title? I will not submit to such a jurisdiction.—Then, said Sir Philip, you had rather be tried by the laws of the land, and have them pronounce sentence upon you? Take your choice, Sir; if you refuse the one, you shall be certain of the other.—Lord Clifford then said.—You will allow Lord Lovel to consider of the proposal; he will consult his friends, and be determined by their advice.—Lord Fitz-Owen said.—I am very much surprised at what I have heard. I shall be glad to know all that Sir Philip has to say for his ward, that I may judge what my brother has to hope or fear; I will then give my best advice, or offer my mediation, as he may stand in need of them.—You say well, replied Lord Graham, and pray let us come directly to the point; Sir Philip, you will introduce your ward to this company, and enter upon your proofs.

Sir Philip bowed to the company; he went out, and brought in Edmund, encouraging him by the way: he presented him to Baron Fitz-Owen, who looked very serious.—Edmund Twyford, said he, are you the heir of the house of Lovel? I am, my lord, said Edmund, bowing to the ground; the proofs will appear; but I am at the same time, the most humble and

grateful of all your servants, and the servant of your virtues. Sir Robert rose up, and was going to leave the room.—Son Robert, stay, said the baron; if there is any fraud, you will be pleased to detect it, and if all that is affirmed be true, you will not shut your eyes against the light: you are concerned in this business; hear it in silence, and let reason be arbiter in your cause. He bowed to his father, hit his lip, and returned to the window.—William nodded to Edmund, and was silent. All the company had their eyes fixed on the young man, who stood in the midst, casting down his eyes with modest respect to the audience: while Sir Philip related all the material circumstances of his life, the wonderful gradation by which he came to the knowledge of his birth, the adventures of the haunted apartment, the discovery of the fatal closet, and the presumptive proofs that Lord Lovel was buried there. At this part of his narration, Lord Fitz-Owen interrupted him.—Where is this closet you talk of? for I and my sons went over the apartment since Edmund's departure, and found no such place as you describe.—My lord, said Edmund, I can account for it: the door is covered with tapestry, the same as the room, and you might easily overlook it; but I have a witness here, said he, and putting his hand into his bosom, he drew out the key. If this is not the key of that closet, let me be deemed an impostor, and all I say a falsehood; I will risk my pretensions upon this proof.

And for what purpose did you take it away? said the baron.—To prevent any person from going into it, replied Edmund: I have vowed to keep it till I shall open that closet before witnesses appointed for that purpose.—Proceed, Sir, said the Baron Fitz-Owen.—Sir Philip then related the conversation between Edmund and Margery Twyford, his supposed mother. Lord Fitz-Owen seemed in the utmost surprise: he exclaimed—Can this be true? strange discovery! unfortunate child!—Edmund's tears bore witness to his veracity: he was obliged to hide his face; he lifted up his clasped hands to heaven, and was in great emotions during all this part of the relation; while Lord Lovel groaned, and seemed in great agitation.

Sir Philip then addressed himself to Lord Fitz-Owen. My lord, there was another person present at the conversation between Edmund and his foster-mother, who can witness to all that passed: perhaps your lordship can tell who that was?—It was father Oswald, replied the baron; I well remember that he went with him at his request: let him be called in. He was sent for, and came immediately. The baron desired him to relate all that passed between Edmund and his mother.

Oswald then began. Since I am now properly called upon to testify what I know concerning this young man, I will speak the truth, without fear or favor of any one; and I will swear, by the rules of my holy order, to the truth of what I shall relate. He then gave a particular account of all that passed on that occasion, and mentioned the tokens found on both the infant and his mother.—Where are those tokens to be seen? said the Lord Clifford.—I have them here, my lord, said Edmund, and I keep them as my greatest treasures. He then produced them before all the company.—There is no appearance of any fraud or collusion, said Lord Graham; if any man thinks he sees any, let him speak.—Pray, my lord, suffer me to speak a word, said Sir Robert. Do you remember that I hinted my suspicions concerning father Oswald, the night our kinsmen lay in the east apartment?—I do, said the baron.—Well, Sir, now it appears that he did know more than he would tell us; you find he is very deep in all Edmund's secrets, and you judge what were his motives for undertaking this journey.—I observe what you say, answered his father, but let us hear all that Oswald has to say: I will be as impartial as possible.—My lord, returned Oswald, I beg you also to recollect what I said, on the night your son speaks of, concerning secrecy in certain matters.—I remember that also, said the baron: but proceed.—My lord, continued Oswald, I knew more than I thought myself at liberty to disclose at that time; but I will now tell you every thing. I saw there was something more than common in the accidents that befel this young man, and in his being called out to sleep in the east apartment; I earnestly desired him to let me be with him on the second night, to which he consented reluctantly; we heard a great noise in the rooms underneath; we went down stairs together; I saw him open the fatal closet; I heard groans that pierced me to the heart; I knelt down and prayed for the repose of the spirit departed; I found a seal, with the arms of Lovel engraven upon it, which I gave to Edmund, and he now has it in his possession. He enjoined me to keep secret what I had seen and heard, till the time should come to declare it. I conceived that I was called to be a witness of these things; besides, my curiosity was excited to know the event; I therefore desired to be present at the interview between him and his mother, which was affecting beyond expression; I heard what I have now declared as nearly as my memory permits me. I hope no impartial person will blame me for any part of my conduct; but if they should, I do not repent it. If I should forfeit the favor of the rich and great, I shall have acquired myself to God and my conscience. I have no worldly ends to answer; I plead the cause of the injured orphan; and I think, also, that I second the designs of Providence.—You have well spoken, father, said the Lord Clifford; your testimony is indeed of consequence.

It is amazing and convincing, said Lord Graham; and the whole story is so well connected, that I can see nothing to make us doubt the truth of it; but let us examine the proofs. Edmund gave into their hands the necklace and earrings; he showed them the locket, with the cypher of Lovel, and the seal with the arms; he told them the cloak in which he was wrapped was in the custody of his foster-mother, who would produce it on demand. He begged that some proper person might be commissioned to go with him, to examine

whether or not the bodies of his parents were buried where he affirmed; adding, that he put his pretensions into their hands with pleasure, relying entirely upon their honor and justice.

During this interesting scene, the criminal covered his face, and was silent; but he sent forth bitter sighs and groans that denoted the anguish of his heart. At length, Lord Graham, in compassion to him, proposed that they should retire and consider of the proofs, adding, Lord Lovel must needs be fatigued; we will resume the subject in his presence, when he is disposed to receive us. Sir Philip Harclay approached the bed: Sir, said he, I now leave you in the hands of your own relations; they are men of strict honor, and I confide in them to take care of you, and of your concerns. They then went out of the room, leaving only the Lord Fitz-Owen and his sons with the criminal. They discoursed of the wonderful story of Edmund's birth, and the principal events of his life.

After dinner, Sir Philip requested another conference with the lords, and their principal friends. There were present, also, father Oswald, and Lord Graham's confessor, who had taken the Lord Lovel's confession, Edmund, and Zadisky. Now, gentlemen, said Sir Philip, I desire to know your opinion of our proofs, and your advice upon them.

Lord Graham replied, I am desired to speak for the rest: We think there are strong presumptive proofs that this young man is the true heir of Lovel; but they ought to be confirmed and authenticated. Of the murder of the late lord there is no doubt; the criminal hath confessed it, and the circumstances confirm it; the proofs of his crime are so connected with those of the young man's birth, that one cannot be public without the other. We are desirous to do justice; and yet are unwilling, for the Lord Fitz-Owen's sake, to bring the criminal to public shame and punishment. We wish to find out a medium; we therefore desire Sir Philip to make proposals for his ward, and let Lord Fitz-Owen answer for himself and his brother, and we will be moderators between them. Here every one expressed approbation, and called upon Sir Philip to make his demands.

If, said he, I were to demand strict justice, I should not be satisfied with any thing less than the life of the criminal; but I am a Christian soldier, the disciple of him who came into the world to save sinners: for his sake, continued he (crossing himself), I forego my revenge; I spare the guilty: if Heaven gives him time for repentance, man should not deny it. It is my ward's particular request, that I will not bring shame upon the house of his benefactor, the Lord Fitz-Owen, for whom he hath a filial affection and profound veneration. My proposals are these: First, that the criminal make restitution of the title and estate, obtained with so much injustice and cruelty, to the lawful heir, whom he shall acknowledge such before proper witnesses. Secondly, that he shall surrender his own lawful inheritance and personal estate into the hands of the Lord Fitz-Owen, in trust for his sons, who are his heirs of blood. Thirdly, that he shall retire into a religious house, or else quit the kingdom, in three months' time: and, in either case, those who enjoy his fortune shall allow him a decent annuity, that he may not want the comforts of life. By the last, I disable him from the means of doing farther mischief, and enable him to devote the remainder of his days to penitence. These are my proposals, and I give him four-and-twenty hours to consider of them; if he refuses to comply with them, I shall be obliged to proceed to severer measures, and to a public prosecution: but the goodness of the Lord Fitz-Owen bids me expect, from his influence with his brother, a compliance with proposals made out of respect to his honorable character.

Lord Graham applauded the humanity, prudence, and piety of Sir Philip's proposals. He enforced them with all his influence and eloquence. Lord Clifford seconded him; and the rest gave tokens of approbation. Sir Robert Fitz-Owen then rose up.—I beg leave to observe to the company, who are going to dispose so generously of another man's property, that my father purchased the castle and estate of the house of Lovel: who is to repay him the money for it?

Sir Philip then said, I have also a question to ask. Who is to pay the arrears of my ward's estate, which he has unjustly been kept out of these one-and-twenty years? Let Lord Clifford answer to both points, for he is not interested in either.—Lord Clifford smiled.—I think, returned he, the first question is answered by the second, and that the parties concerned should set one against the other, especially as Lord Fitz-Owen's children will inherit the fortune, which includes the purchase-money. Lord Graham said, This determination is both equitable and generous, and I hope will answer the expectations on all sides.—I have another proposal to make to my Lord Fitz-Owen, said Sir Philip; but I first wait for the acceptance of those already made.—Lord Fitz-Owen replied, I shall report them to my brother, and acquaint the company with his resolutions to-morrow.

They then separated; and the baron, with his sons, returned to the sick man's chamber; there he exhorted his brother, with the piety of a confessor, to repent of his sins, and make atonement for them. He made known Sir Philip's proposals, and observed on the wonderful discovery of his crime, and the punishment that followed it. Your repentance, continued he, may be accepted, and your crime may yet be pardoned; if you continue refractory, and refuse to make atonement, you will draw down upon you a severer punishment. The criminal would not confess, and yet could not deny the truth and justice of his observations. The baron spent several hours in his brother's chamber: he sent for a priest, who took his confession; and they both sat up with him all night, advising, persuading, and exhorting him to do justice, and to comply with the proposals. He was unwilling to give up the world, and yet more so to become the object of public shame, disgrace, and punishment.

The next day Lord Fitz-Owen summoned the company into his brother's chamber, and there declared, in his name, that he accepted Sir Philip Harclay's proposals; that, if the young man could, as he promised, direct them to the places where his parents were buried, and if his birth should be authenticated by his foster-parents, he should be acknowledged the heir of the house of Lovel. That, to be certified of these things, they must commission proper persons to go with him for this purpose, and, in case the truth should be made plain, they should immediately put him in possession of the castle and estate, in the state it was. He desired Lord Graham and Lord Clifford to choose the commissioners, and gave Sir Philip and Edmund a right to add to them, each, another person.

Lord Graham named the eldest son of Lord Clifford, and the other, in return, named his nephew; they also chose the priest, Lord Graham's confessor, and the eldest son of Baron Fitz-Owen, to his great mortification. Sir Philip appointed Mr. William Fitz-Owen, and Edmund named father Oswald; they chose out the servants to attend them, who were also to be witnesses of all that should pass. Lord Clifford proposed to Baron Fitz-Owen, that, as soon as the commissioners were set out, the remainder of the company should adjourn to his seat in Cumberland, whither Lord Graham should be invited to accompany them, and to stay till this affair was decided. After some debate, this was agreed to; and, at the same time, that the criminal should be kept with them till every thing was perfectly settled.

Lord Fitz-Owen gave his son William the charge to receive and entertain the commissioners at the castle: but, before they set out, Sir Philip had a conference with Lord Fitz-Owen, concerning the surrender of the castle; in which he insisted on the furniture and stock of the farm, in consideration of the arrears. Lord Fitz-Owen slightly mentioned the young man's education and expenses. Sir Philip answered, You are right, my lord, I had not thought of this point; we owe you, in this respect, more than we can ever repay; but you know not half the respect and affection Edmund bears for you. When restitution of his title and fortune is fully made, his happiness will still depend on you. How on me? said the baron.—Why, he will not be happy, unless you honor him with your notice and esteem; but this is not all, I must hope that you will still do more for him.—Indeed, said the baron, he has put my regard for him to a severe proof; what farther can he expect from me?—My dear lord, he not offended, I have only one more proposal to make to you: if you refuse it, I can allow for you; and I confess it requires a greatness of mind, but not more than—You possess, to grant it.—Well, Sir, speak your demand.—Say rather, my request; it is in this case: cease to look upon Edmund as the enemy of your house; look upon him as a son, and make him so indeed.—How say you, Sir Philip? my son!—Yes, my lord, give him your daughter: he is already your son in filial affection; your son William and he are sworn brothers—what remains but to make him yours? He deserves such a parent, you such a son; and you will, by this means, ingraft into your family, the name, title, and estate of Lovel, which will be entailed on your posterity for ever.—This offer requires much consideration, returned the baron.—Suffer me to suggest some hints to you, said Sir Philip. The match is, I think, verily pointed out by Providence, which hath conducted the dear boy through so many dangers, and brought him within view of his happiness; look on him as the precious relic of a noble house, the son of my dearest friend! or look on him as my son and heir, and let me, as his father, implore you to consent to his marriage with your daughter. The baron's heart was touched; he turned away his face.—Oh, Sir Philip Harclay, what a friend are you! Why should such a man be our enemy!—My lord, said Sir Philip, we are not, cannot be enemies; our hearts are already allied, and I am certain we shall one day be dear friends. The baron suppressed his emotions, but Sir Philip saw into his heart. I must consult my eldest son, returned he.—Then, replied Sir Philip, I foresee much difficulty; he is prejudiced against Edmund, and thinks the restitution of his inheritance an injury to your family: hereafter he will see this alliance in a different light, and will rejoice that such a brother is added to the family; but, at present, he will set his face against it. However, we will not despair; virtue and resolution will surmount all obstacles. Let me call in young Lovel.

He brought Edmund to the baron, and acquainted him with the proposal he had been making in his name, my lord's answers, and the objections he feared on the part of Sir Robert. Edmund knelt to the baron; he took his hand and pressed it to his lips. Best of men! of parents! of patrons! said he, I will ever be your son in filial affection; whether I have the honor to be legally so or not; not one of your own children can feel a stronger sense of love and duty. Tell me, said the baron, do you love my daughter? I do, my lord, with the most ardent affection; I never loved any woman but her; and, if I am so unfortunate as to be refused her, I will not marry at all. Oh, my lord, reject not my honest suit! Your alliance will give me consequence with myself; it will excite me to act worthy of the station to which I am exalted; if you refuse me, I shall seem an abject wretch, despised by those whom my heart claims relation to: your family are the whole world to me. Give me your lovely daughter; give me also your son, my beloved William; and let me share with them the fortune Providence bestows upon me; but what is title or fortune, if I am deprived of the society of those I love?

Edmund, said the baron, you have a noble friend: but you have a stronger in my heart, which I think was implanted there by Heaven to aid its own purposes: I feel a variety of emotions of different kinds, and am afraid to trust my own heart with you. But answer me a question? Are you assured of my daughter's consent? Have you solicited her fa-

vor? have you gained her affections?—Never, my lord! I am incapable of so base an action: I have loved her at an humble distance; but, in my situation, I should have thought it a violation of the laws of gratitude and hospitality to have presumed to speak the sentiments of my heart.—Then you have acted with unquestionable honor on this, and, I must say, on all other occasions.—Your approbation, my lord, is the first wish of my life: it is the seal of my honor and happiness.

Sir Philip smiled: My Lord Fitz-Owen, I am jealous of Edmund's preferable regard for you: it is just the same now as formerly. Edmund came to Sir Philip, he threw himself into his arms, he wept, he was overpowered with the feelings of his heart, he prayed to Heaven to strengthen his mind, to support his inexpressible sensations. I am overwhelmed with obligation! said he; oh, best of friends, teach me, like you, to make my actions speak for me!—Enough, Edmund. I know your heart, and that is my security. My lord, speak to him, and bring him to himself, by behaving coldly to him, if you can. The baron said, I must not trust myself with you, you make a child of me! I will only add, gain my son Robert's favor, and be assured of mine: I owe some respect to the heir of my family; he is brave, honest, and sincere; your enemies are separated from him, you have William's influence in your behalf; make one effort, and let me know the result. Edmund kissed his hand in transports of joy and gratitude. I will not lose a moment, said he; I fly to obey your commands.

Edmund went immediately to his friend William, and related all that had passed between the baron, Sir Philip, and himself. William promised him his interest in the warmest manner: he recapitulated all that had passed in the castle since his departure; but he guarded his sister's delicacy, till it should be resolved to give way to his address. They both consulted young Clifford, who had conceived an affection for Edmund for his amiable qualities, and to William for his generous friendship for him. He promised them his assistance, as Sir Robert seemed desirous to cultivate his friendship. Accordingly, they both attacked him with the whole artillery of friendship and persuasion. Clifford urged the merits of Edmund, and the advantages of his alliance: William enforced his arguments by a retrospect of Edmund's past life; and observed, that every obstacle thrown in his way had brought his enemies to shame, and increase of honor to himself. I say nothing, continued he, of his noble qualities, and affectionate heart; those who have been so many years his companions, can want no proofs of it.—We know your attachment to him, Sir, said Sir Robert; and, in consequence, your partiality.—Nay, replied William, you are sensible of the truth of my assertions; and, I am confident, would have loved him yourself, but for the insinuations of his enemies; but if he should make good his assertions, even you must be convinced of his veracity.—And you would have my father give him your sister upon this uncertainty?—No, Sir, but upon these conditions.—But suppose he does not make them good?—Then I will be of your party, and give up his interest.—Very well, Sir; my father may do as he pleases; but I cannot agree to give my sister to one who has always stood in the way of our family, and now turns us out of our own house.

I am sorry, brother, you see his pretensions in so wrong a light; but if you think there is an imposture in the case, go with us, and be a witness of all that passes. No, not I, if Edmund is to be master of the castle, I will never more set my foot in it. This matter, said Mr. Clifford, must be left to time, which has brought strange things to pass. Sir Robert's honor and good sense will enable him to subdue his prejudices, and to judge impartially. They took leave, and went to make preparations for their journey. Edmund made his report of Sir Robert's inflexibility to his father, in presence of Sir Philip; who, again, ventured to urge the baron on his favorite subject. It becomes me to wait for the farther proofs, said he; but, if they are as clear as I expect, I will not be inexorable to your wishes: say nothing more on this subject till the return of the commissioners. They were profuse in their acknowledgments of his goodness.

Edmund took a tender leave of his two paternal friends:—When, said he, I take possession of my inheritance, I must hope for the company of you both to complete my happiness. Of me, said Sir Philip, you may be certain; and, as far as my influence reaches, of the baron.—He was silent. Edmund assured them of his constant prayers for their happiness.

Soon after, the commissioners, with Edmund, set out for Lovel castle; and the following day the Lord Clifford set out for his own house, with Baron Fitz-Owen and his son. The nominal baron was carried with them, very much against his will. Sir Philip Harclay was invited to go with them by Lord Clifford, who declared his presence necessary to bring things to a conclusion. They all joined in acknowledging their obligation to Lord Graham's generous hospitality, and besought him to accompany them; at length he consented, on condition they would allow him to go to and fro, as his duty should call him.

Lord Clifford received them with the greatest hospitality, and presented them to his lady, and three daughters, who were in the bloom of youth and beauty. They spent their time very pleasantly, excepting the criminal, who continued gloomy and reserved, and declined company.

In the mean time, the commissioners proceeded on their journey. When they were within a day's distance from the castle, Mr. William and his servant put forward, and arrived several hours before the rest, to make preparations for their reception. His sister and brother received him with open arms, and inquired eagerly after the event of the journey to the north. He gave them a brief account of every thing that had happened to their uncle; adding, But this is not all: Sir

Philip Harclay has brought a young man, who he pretends is the son of the late Lord Lovel, and claims his estate and title. This person is on his journey hither, with several others, who are commissioned to inquire into certain particulars, to confirm his pretensions:—If he make good his claim, my father will surrender the castle and estate into his hand. Sir Philip and my lord have many points to settle: and he proposes a compromise, that you, my sister, ought to know, because it nearly concerns you.—Me! brother William; pray explain yourself.—Why, he proposes that, in lieu of arrears and other expectations, my father shall give his dear Emma to the heir of Lovel, in full of all demands. She changed color:—Holy Mary! said she, and does my father agree to his proposal!—He is not very averse to it; but Sir Robert refuses his consent: however, I have given him my interest with you.—Have you indeed? What a stranger, perhaps an impostor, who comes to turn us out of our dwelling? Have patience, my Emma! see this young man without prejudice, and perhaps you will like him as well as I do.—I am surprised at you, William.—Dear Emma, I cannot bear to see you uneasy. Think of the man who, of all others, you would wish to see in a situation to ask you of your father, and expect to see your wishes realized.—Impossible! said she.—Nothing is impossible, my dear; let us be prudent, and all will end happily. You must help me to receive and entertain these commissioners. I expect a very solemn scene; but when that is once got over, happier hours than the past will succeed. We shall first visit the haunted apartment; you, my sister, will keep in your own till I shall send for you. I go now to give orders to the servants. He went and ordered them to be in waiting, and himself, and his youngest brother, stood in readiness to receive them.

The sound of the horn announced the arrival of the commissioners; at the same instant a sudden gust of wind arose, and the outward gates flew open. They entered the court-yard, and the great folding-doors into the hall were opened without any assistance. The moment Edmund entered the hall every door in the house flew open; the servants all rushed into the hall, and fear was written on their countenances: Joseph only was undaunted.—These doors, said he, open of their own account, to receive their master! this is he indeed! Edmund was soon apprized of what had happened.—I accept the omen! said he. Gentlemen, let us go forward to the apartment! let us finish the work of fate! I will lead the way. He went on to the apartment, followed by all present.—Open the shutters, said he, the day-light shall no longer be excluded here; the deeds of darkness shall now be brought to light.

They descended the staircase; every door was open, till they came to the fatal closet. Edmund called to Mr. William.—Approach, my friend, and behold the door your family overlooked! They came forward: he drew the key out of his bosom, and unlocked the door; he made them observe that the boards were all loose; he then called to the servants, and bid them remove every thing out of the closet. While they were doing this, Edmund showed them the breast-plate all stained with blood; he then called to Joseph: Do you know whose was this suit of armor?—It was my lord's, said Joseph; the late Lord Lovel; I have seen him wear it.

Edmund bade them bring shovels and remove the earth. While they were gone, he desired Oswald to repeat all that passed the night they sat up together in that apartment, which he did till the servants returned. They threw out the earth, while the by-standers in solemn silence waited the event. After some time and labor they struck against something. They proceeded till they discovered a large trunk, which, with great difficulty, they drew out. It had been corded round, but the cords were rotted to dust. They opened it, and found a skeleton, which appeared to have been tied neck and heels together, and forced into the trunk. Behold, said Edmund, the bones of him to whom I owe my birth! The priest from Lord Graham's advanced.—This is undoubtedly the body of Lord Lovel; I heard his kinsman confess the manner in which he was interred. Let this awful spectacle be a lesson to all present, that though wickedness may triumph for a season, a day of retribution will come! Oswald exclaimed.—Behold the day of retribution! of triumph to the innocent, of shame and confusion to the wicked.

The young gentlemen declared that Edmund had made good his assertions: What then, said they, remains? I propose, said Lord Graham's priest, that an account be written of this discovery, and signed by all the witnesses present; that an attested copy be left in the hands of this gentleman, and the original be sent to the barons and Sir Philip Harclay, to convince them of the truth of it.

Mr. Clifford then desired Edmund to proceed in his own way.—The first thing I proposed to do, said he, is to have a coffin made for these honored remains: I trust to find the bones of my other parent, and to inter them all together in consecrated ground. Unfortunate pair! you shall at last rest together! your son shall pay the last duties to your ashes! He stopped to shed tears, and none present but paid this tribute to their misfortunes. Edmund recovered his voice, and proceeded.—My next request is, that father Oswald and this reverend father, with whoever else the gentlemen shall appoint, will send for Andrew and Margery Twyford, and examine them concerning the circumstances of my birth, and the death and burial of my unfortunate mother.—It shall be done, said Mr. William; but first let me entreat you to come with me, and take some refreshment after your journey, for you must be fatigued; after dinner we will proceed in the inquiry.

They all followed him into the great hall, where they were entertained with great hospitality, and Mr. William did the honors in his father's name. Edmund's heart was deeply

affected, and the solemnity of his deportment bore witness to his sincerity; but it was a manly sorrow, that did not make him neglect his duty to his friends, or himself. He inquired after the health of the Lady Emma.—She is well, said William, and as much your friend as ever. Edmund bowed in silence.

After dinner the commissioners sent for Andrew and his wife. They examined them separately, and found their accounts agreed together, and were in substance the same as Oswald and Edmund had before related, separately also. The commissioners observed, that there could be no collusion between them, and that the proofs were indisputable. They kept the foster parents all night, and the next day Andrew directed them to the place where the Lady Lovel was buried, between two trees, which he had marked for a memorial. They collected the bones, and carried them to the castle, where Edmund caused a stately coffin to be made for the remains of the unfortunate pair. The two priests obtained leave to look into the coffin buried in the church, and found nothing but stones and earth in it. The commissioners then declared they were fully satisfied of the reality of Edmund's pretensions.

The two priests were employed in drawing up a circumstantial account of these discoveries, in order to make their report to the barons at their return. In the mean time Mr. William took an opportunity to introduce Edmund to his sister.—My Emma, said he, the heir of Lovel is desirous to pay his respects to you. They were both in apparent confusion; but Edmund's words, and Emma's increased,—I have been long desirous, said he, to pay my respects to the lady whom I most honor, but unavoidable duties have detained me; when these are fully paid, it is my wish to devote the remainder of my life to Lady Emma!—Are you, then, the heir of Lovel?—I am, Madam; and am also the man in whose behalf I once presumed to speak.—'Tis very strange, indeed!—It is so, Madam, to myself; but time, that reconciles us to all things, will, I hope, render this change in my situation familiar to you.—William said.—You are both well acquainted with the wishes of my heart; but my advice is, that you do not encourage a farther intimacy till my lord's determination be fully known.—You may dispose of me as you please, said Edmund; but I cannot help declaring my wishes; yet I will submit to my lord's sentence, though he should doom me to despair.

From this period the young pair behaved with solemn respect to each other, but with apparent reserve. The young lady sometimes appeared in company, but often chose to be in her own apartment, where she began to believe and hope for the completion of her wishes. The uncertainty of the baron's determination threw an air of anxiety over Edmund's face: his friend William, by the most tender care and attention, strove to dispel his fears, and encourage his hopes; but he waited with impatience for the return of the commissioners, and the decision of his fate.

While these things passed at the castle of Lovel, the nominal baron recovered his health and strength at the house of Lord Clifford: in the same proportion he grew more and more shy and reserved, avoided the company of his brother and nephew, and was frequently shut up with his two servants. Sir Robert Fitz-Owen made several attempts to gain his confidence, but in vain; he was equally shy to him as the rest. M. Zadisky observed his motions, with the penetration for which his countrymen have been distinguished in all ages: he communicated his suspicions to Sir Philip and the baron, giving it as his opinion, that the criminal was meditating an escape. They asked what he thought was to be done? Zadisky offered to watch him in turn with another person, and to lie in wait for him; he also proposed, that horses should be kept in readiness, and men to mount them, without knowledge of the service they were to be employed in. The barons agreed to leave the whole management of this affair to Zadisky. He took his measures so well, that he intercepted the three fugitives in the fields adjoining to the house, and brought them all back prisoners. They confined them separately, while the lords and gentlemen consulted how to dispose of them.

Sir Philip applied to Lord Fitz-Owen, who begged leave to be silent: I have nothing, said he, to offer in favor of this bad man; and I cannot propose harsher methods with so near a relation. Zadisky then begged to be heard. You can no longer have any reliance upon the word of a man who has forfeited all pretensions to honor and sincerity. I have long wished to re-visit once more my native country, and to inquire after some very dear friends I left there; I will undertake to convey this man to a very distant part of the world, where it will be out of his power to do farther mischief, and free his relations from an ungrateful charge, unless you should rather choose to bring him to punishment here. Lord Clifford approved of the proposal; Lord Fitz-Owen remained silent, but showed no marks of disapprobation.

Sir Philip objected to parting with his friend; but Zadisky assured him he had particular reasons for returning to the Holy Land, of which he should be judge hereafter. Sir Philip desired the Lord Fitz-Owen to give him his company to the criminal's apartment, saying.—We will have one more conversation with him, and that shall decide his fate. They found him silent and sullen, and he refused to answer their questions. Sir Philip then bespoke him.—After the proofs you have given of your falsehood and insincerity, we can no longer have any reliance upon you, nor faith in your fulfilling the conditions of our agreement: I will therefore, once more make you a proposal that shall leave you indebted to our clemency. You shall banish yourself from England for ever, and go in pilgrimage to the Holy Land, with such companions as we shall appoint; or, secondly, you shall enter directly into a monastery, and there be shut up for life! or, thirdly, if you refuse both these offers, I will go directly to court, throw

myself at the feet of my sovereign, relate the whole story of your wicked life and actions, and demand vengeance on your head. The king is too good and pious to let such villainy go unpunished; he will bring you to public shame and punishment: and be you assured, if I begin this prosecution, I will pursue it to the utmost. I appeal to your worthy brother for the justice of my proceeding. I reason no more with you, I only declare my resolution. I wait your answer one hour, and the next I put in execution whatever you shall oblige me to determine. So saying, they retired, and left him to reflect and to resolve. At the expiration of the hour they sent Zadisky to receive his answer; he insinuated to him the generosity and charity of Sir Philip and the lords, and the certainty of his resolutions, and begged him to take care what answer he returned, for that his fate depended on it. He kept silent several minutes; resentment and despair were painted on his visage: at length he spoke:

Tell my proud enemies that I prefer banishment to death, infamy, or a life of solitude.—You have chosen well, said Zadisky. To a wise man all countries are alike; it shall be my care to make mine agreeable to you.—Are you then the person chosen for my companion?—I am, Sir; and you may judge by that circumstance, that those whom you call your enemies are not so in effect. Farewell, Sir; I go to prepare for our departure.

Zadisky went and made his report, and then set immediately about his preparations. He chose two active young men for his attendants; and gave them directions to keep a strict eye upon their charge, for that they should be accountable if he should escape them.

In the mean time the Baron Fitz-Owen had several conferences with his brother: he endeavored to make him sensible of his crimes, and of the justice and clemency of his conqueror; but he was moody and reserved to him as to the rest. Sir Philip Harclay obliged him to surrender his worldly estates into the hands of Lord Fitz-Owen: a writing was drawn up for that purpose, and executed in the presence of them all. Lord Fitz-Owen engaged to allow him an annual sum, not to advance money for the expenses of his voyage. He spoke to him in the most affectionate manner, but he refused his embrace:—You will have nothing to regret, said he haughtily, for the gain is yours. Sir Philip conjured Zadisky to return to him again; who answered,—I will either return, or give such reasons for my stay, as you shall approve. I will send a messenger to acquaint you with my arrival in Syria, and with such other particulars as I shall judge interesting to you and yours. In the mean time remember me in your prayers, and preserve for me those sentiments of friendship and esteem that I have always deemed one of the chief honors and blessings of my life. Commend my love and duty to your adopted son; he will more than supply my absence, and be the comfort of your old age. Adieu, best and noblest of friends! They took a tender leave of each other, not without tears on both sides.

The travellers set out directly for a distant sea-port, where they heard of a ship bound for the Levant, in which they embarked, and proceeded on their voyage.

The commissioners arrived at Lord Clifford's a few days after the departure of the adventurers. They gave a minute account of their commission, and expressed themselves entirely satisfied of the justice of Edmund's pretensions; they gave an account in writing of all that they had been eyewitnesses to, and ventured to urge the Baron Fitz-Owen on the subject of Edmund's wishes. The baron was already disposed in his favor; his mind was employed in the future establishment of his family. During their residence at Lord Clifford's, his eldest son, Sir Robert, had cast his eye upon the eldest daughter of that nobleman, and he besought his father to ask her in marriage for him. The baron was pleased with the alliance, and took the first opportunity to mention it to Lord Clifford; who answered him pleasantly,—I will give my daughter to your son, upon condition that you will give yours to the heir of Lovel. The baron looked serious: Lord Clifford went on,—I like that young man so well, that I would accept him for a son-in-law, if he asked me for my daughter; and if I have any influence with you, I will use it in his behalf.—A powerful solicitor, indeed! said the baron; but you know my eldest son's reluctance to it; if he consents, so will I.—He shall consent, said Lord Clifford, or he shall have no daughter of mine. Let him subdue his prejudices, and then I will lay aside my scruples.—But, my lord, replied the baron, if I can obtain his free consent, it will be the best for all; I will try once more, and if he will not, I will leave it wholly to your management.

When the noble company had all assembled, Sir Philip Harclay revived the subject, and besought the Lord Fitz-Owen to put an end to the work he had begun, by confirming Edmund's happiness. The baron rose up, and thus spoke:—The proofs of Edmund's noble birth, the still stronger ones of his excellent endowments and qualities, the solicitations of so many noble friends in his behalf, have altogether determined me in his favor; and I hope to do justice to his merit, without detriment to my other children: I am resolved to make them all as happy as my power will allow me to do. Lord Clifford had been so gracious to promise his fair daughter to my son Robert, upon certain conditions, that I will take upon me to ratify, and I which will render my son worthy of the happiness that awaits him. My children are the undoubted heirs of my unhappy brother, Lovel: you, my son, shall therefore immediately take possession of your uncle's house and estate, only obliging you to pay to each of your younger brothers the sum of one thousand pounds: on this condition, I will secure that estate to you and your heirs for ever. I will, by my own act and deed, surrender the castle and estate of Lovel to the right owner, and at the same time marry him to my daughter. I will settle a proper allowance upon my two younger sons, and dispose of what remains by a will and testament; and

then I shall have done all my business in this world, and shall have nothing to do but prepare for the next.

Oh, my father! said Sir Robert, I cannot bear your generosity: you would give away all to others, and reserve nothing for yourself.—Not so, my son, said the baron: I will repair my old castle in Wales, and reside there. I will visit my children, and be visited by them: I will enjoy their happiness, and by that means increase my own; whether I look backwards or forwards, I shall have nothing to do but rejoice, and be thankful to Heaven, that has given me so many blessings: I shall have the comfortable reflection of having discharged my duty as a citizen, a husband, a father, a friend; and, whenever I am summoned away from this world, I shall die content.

Sir Robert came forward with tears on his cheeks, he kneeled to his father.—Best of parents, and of men! said he; you have subdued a heart that has been too refractory to your will: you have this day made me sensible how much I owe to your goodness and forbearance with me. Forgive me all that is past, and from henceforward dispose of me; I will have no will but yours, no ambition but to be worthy of the name of your son.—And this day, said the baron, do I enjoy the true happiness of a father! Rise, my son, and take possession of the first place in my affections, without reserve. They embraced with tears on both sides: the company rose, and congratulated both father and son. The baron presented his son to Lord Clifford, who embraced him, and said—You shall have my daughter, for I see that you deserve her.

Sir Philip Harclay approached; the baron gave his son's hand to the knight.—Love and respect that good man, said he; deserve his friendship, and you will obtain it. Nothing but congratulations were heard on all sides.

When the joy was in some degree reduced to composure, Sir Philip proposed that they should begin to execute the schemes of happiness they had planned. He proposed that my Lord Fitz-Owen should go with him to the castle of Lovel, and settle the family there. The baron consented; and both together invited such of the company, as liked it, to accompany them thither. It was agreed that a nephew of Lord Graham's, another of Lord Clifford's, two gentlemen, friends of Sir Philip Harclay, and father Oswald, should be of the party; together with several of Sir Philip's dependants and domestics, and the attendants on the rest. Lord Fitz-Owen gave immediate orders for their speedy departure. Lord Graham and his friends took leave of them, in order to return to his own home; but, before he went, he engaged his eldest nephew and heir to the second daughter of the Lord Clifford: Sir Robert offered himself to the eldest, who modestly received his addresses, and made no objection to his proposal.

The fathers confirmed their engagements. Lord Fitz-Owen promised to return to the celebration of the marriage; in the mean time he ordered his son to go and take possession of his uncle's house, and to settle his household: he invited young Clifford, and some other gentlemen, to go with him. The company separated with regret, and with many promises of friendship on all sides; and the gentlemen of the north were to cultivate the good neighborhood on both sides of the borders.

Sir Philip Harclay and the Baron Fitz-Owen, with their friends and attendants, set forwards for the castle of Lovel; a servant went before, at full speed, to acquaint the family of their approach. Edmund was in great anxiety of mind, now the crisis of his fate was near at hand: he inquired of the messenger, who were of the party? and finding that Sir Philip Harclay was there, and that Sir Robert Fitz-Owen stayed in the north, his hopes rose above his fears. Mr. William, attended by a servant, rode forward to meet them; he desired Edmund to stay and receive them. Edmund was under some difficulty, with regard to his behavior to the lovely Emma: a thousand times his heart rose to his lips, as often he suppressed his emotions; they both sighed frequently, said little, thought much, and wished for the event. Master Walter was too young to partake of their anxieties, but he wished for the arrival of his father to end them.

Mr. William's impatience spurred him on to meet his father: as soon as he saw him, he rode up directly to him:—My dear father, you are welcome home! said he.—I think not, Sir, said the baron, and looked serious. Why so, my lord? said William.—Because it is no longer mine, but another man's home, answered he, and I must receive my welcome from him.—Mending Edmund? said William.—Whom else can it be?—Ah, my lord! he is your creature, your servant: he puts his fate into your hands, and will submit to your pleasure in all things!—Why comes he not to meet us? said the baron.—His fears prevent him, said William; but speak the word, and I will fetch him.—No, said the baron, we will wait on him.—William looked confused. Is Edmund so unfortunate, said he, as to have incurred your displeasure?—Sir Philip Harclay advanced, and laid his hand on William's saddle.—Generous impatience! noble youth! said he; look round you, and see if you can discover in this company one enemy of your friend! Leave to your excellent father the time and manner of explaining himself: he only can do justice to his own sentiments. The baron smiled on Sir Philip: William's countenance cleared up; they went forward, and soon arrived at the castle of Lovel.

Edmund was walking to and fro in the hall, when he heard the horn that announced their arrival; his emotions were so great that he could hardly support them. The baron and Sir Philip entered the hall hand in hand; Edmund threw himself at their feet, and embraced their knees, but could not utter a word. They raised him between them, and strove to encourage him: but he threw himself into the arms of Sir Philip Harclay, deprived of strength, and almost of life. They supported him to a seat, where he recovered by degrees, but had no power to speak his feelings; he looked up to his benefactors in the most affectionate manner; he laid his hand upon

his bosom, but was still silent.—Compose yourself, my dear son, said Sir Philip; you are in the arms of your best friends. Look up to the happiness that awaits you; enjoy the blessings that Heaven sends you; lift up your heart in gratitude to the Creator, and think less of what you owe to the creature! You will have time enough to pay us your acknowledgments hereafter.

The company came round them; the servants flocked into the hall; shouts of joy were heard on all sides; the baron came and took Edmund's hand:—Rise, Sir, said he, and do the honors of your house: it is yours from this day: we are your guests, and expect from you our welcome!—Edmund kneeled to the baron; he spoke with a faltering voice.—My lord, I am yours; all that I have is at your devotion! dispose of me as it pleases you best.—The baron embraced him with the greatest affection:—Look round you, said he, and salute your friends; these gentlemen came hither to do you honor.—Edmund revived; he embraced and welcomed the gentlemen. Father Oswald received his embrace with peculiar affection, and gave him his benediction in a most affecting manner. Edmund exclaimed—Pray for me, father! that I may bear all these blessings with gratitude and moderation! He then saluted and shook hands with all the servants, not omitting the meanest; he distinguished Joseph by a cordial embrace; he called him his dear friend: Now, said he, I can return your friendship, and am proud to acknowledge it! The old man, with a faltering voice, cried out—Now I have lived long enough; I have seen my master's son acknowledged for the heir of Lovel! The hall echoed with his words: Long live the heir of Lovel!

The baron took Edmund's hand in his own:—Let us retire from this crowd, said he; we have business of a more private nature to transact. He led to the parlor, followed by Sir Philip and the other gentlemen. Where are my other children? said he. William retired, and presently returned with his brother and sister. They kneeled to their father, who raised and embraced them. He then called out—William! Edmund! come and receive my blessing also. They approached hand in hand; they kneeled, and he gave them a solemn benediction.—Your friendship deserves our praise, my children; love each other always! and may Heaven pour down its choicest blessings upon your heads!—They rose, and embraced in silent raptures of joy. Edmund presented his friend to Sir Philip.—I understand you, said he; this gentleman was my first acquaintance of this family; he has a title to the second place in my heart: I shall tell him, at more leisure, how much I love and honor him for his own sake, as well as yours. He embraced the youth, and desired his friendship.

Come hither, my Emma, said the baron. She approached, with tears on her cheek, sweetly blushing like the damask rose, wet with the dew of the morning. I must ask you a serious question, my child; answer me with the same sincerity you would to Heaven. You see this young man, the heir of Lovel! You have known him long; consult your own heart; and tell me whether you have any objection to receive him for your husband? I have promised to all this company to give you to him; but upon condition that you approve him: I think him worthy of you; and, whether you accept him or not, he shall ever be to me a son; but Heaven forbid that I should compel my child to give her hand where she cannot bestow her heart! Speak freely, and decide this point for me and yourself. The fair Emma blushed, and was under some confusion; her virgin modesty prevented her speaking for some moments. Edmund trembled: he leaned upon William's shoulder to support himself. Emma cast her eye upon him, she saw his emotion, and hastened to relieve him; she thus spoke, in a soft voice, which gathered strength as she proceeded—My lord and father's goodness has always prevented my wishes; I am the happiest of all children, in being able to obey his commands, without offering violence to my own inclinations: as I am called upon in this public manner, it is but justice to this gentleman's merit to declare, that, were I at liberty to choose a husband from all the world, he only should be my choice, who, I can say with joy, is my father's also.—Edmund bowed low, he advanced towards her; the baron took his daughter's hand, and presented it to him: he kneeled upon one knee, he took her hand, kissed it, and pressed it to his bosom: the baron embraced and blessed them; he presented them to Sir Philip Harclay—Receive and acknowledge your children! said he.—I do receive them as the gift of Heaven! said the noble knight: they are as much mine as if I had begotten them: all that I have is theirs, and shall descend to their children for ever. A fresh scene of congratulation ensued: and the hearts of all the auditors were too much engaged to be able soon to return to the ease and tranquillity of common life.

After they had refreshed themselves, and recovered from the emotions they had sustained on this interesting occasion, Edmund thus addressed the baron:—On the brink of happiness I must claim your attention to a melancholy subject. The bones of both my parents lie unburied in this house: permit me, my honored lord, to perform my last duties to them, and the remainder of my life shall be devoted to you and yours.—Certainly, said the baron; why have you not interred them?—My lord, I waited for your arrival, that you might be certified of the reality, and that no doubts might remain.—I have no doubts, said the baron. Alas! both the crime and punishment of the offender have no room for them! He sighed. Let us now put an end to this affair; and, if possible, forget it for ever.

If it will not be too painful to you, my lord, I would entreat you, with these gentlemen, our friends, to follow me into the east apartment, the scene of my parent's woes, and yet the dawning of my better hopes.

They rose to attend him: he committed the Lady Emma to the care of her youngest brother, observing, that the scene

was too solemn for a lady to be present at it. They proceeded to the apartment; he showed the baron the fatal closet, and the place where the bones were found, also the trunk that contained them; he recapitulated all that passed before their arrival; he showed them the coffin where the bones of the unfortunate pair were deposited; he then desired the baron to give orders for their interment.—No, replied he, it be on you to order, and every one here is ready to perform it.—Edmund then desired father Oswald to give notice to the friars of the monastery of St. Austin, that, with their permission, the funeral should be solemnized there, and their bones interred in the church. He also gave orders that the closet should be floored, the apartment repaired, and put in order. He then returned to the other side of the castle.

Preparations being made for the funeral, it was performed a few days after. Edmund attended in person as chief mourner, Sir Philip Harclay as the second; Joseph desired he might assist as servant to the deceased; they were followed by most people of the village. The story was now become public, and every one blessed Edmund for the piety and devotion with which he performed the last duties to his parents.—Edmund appeared in deep mourning; the week after he assisted at a mass for the repose of the deceased.

Sir Philip Harclay ordered a monument to be erected to the memory of his friends, with the following inscription:—
 'Pray for the souls of Arthur Lord Lovel and Marie his wife, who were cut off in the flowers of their youth, by the treachery and cruelty of their near kinsmen. Edmund their only son, one and twelve years after their death, by the direction of heaven, made the discovery of the manner of their death, and at the same time proved his own birth. He collected their bones together, and interred them in this place: a warning and proof to late posterity, of the justice of Providence, and the certainty of retribution.'

The Sunday after the funeral, Edmund threw off his mourning, and appeared in a dress suitable to his condition. He received the compliments of his friends with ease and cheerfulness, and began to enjoy his happiness. He asked an audience of his fair mistress, and was permitted to declare the passion he had so long stifled in his own bosom. She gave him a favorable hearing, and in a short time confessed that she had suffered equally in that suspense that was so grievous to him. They engaged themselves by mutual vows to each other, and only waited the baron's pleasure to complete their happiness; every cloud was banished from their brows, and sweet tranquility took possession of their bosoms. Their friends shared their happiness; William and Edmund renewed their vows of everlasting friendship, and promised to be as much together as William's other duties would permit.

The baron once more summoned all his company together, he told Edmund all that had passed relating to his brother-in-law, his exile, and the pilgrimage of Zadisky; he then related the circumstances of Sir Robert's engagement to Lord Clifford's daughter, his establishment in his uncle's seat, and his own obligations to return time enough to be present at the marriage: But before I go, said he, I will give my daughter to the heir of Lovel, and then I shall have discharged my duty to him, and my promise to Sir Philip Harclay.

You have nobly performed both, said Sir Philip, and whenever you depart I shall be your companion.—What, said Edmund, am I to be deprived of both my fathers at once? My honored lord, you have given away two houses, where do you intend to reside?—No matter, said the baron. I know I shall be welcome to both.—My dear lord, said Edmund, stay here, and be still the master; I shall be proud to be under your command, and to be your servant as well as your son.—No, Edmund, said the baron, that would not now be proper; this is your castle, you are its lord and master, and it is incumbent on you to show yourself worthy of the great things Providence hath done for you.—How shall I, a young man, acquit myself of so many duties as will be upon me, without the advice and assistance of my two paternal friends? Oh, Sir Philip, will you too leave me?—Once you gave me hopes—she stopped, greatly affected.—Sir Philip said.—Tell me truly, Edmund, do you really desire that I should live with you?—As truly, Sir, as I desire life and happiness!—Then my dear child, I will live and die with you! They embraced with tears of affection, and Edmund was all joy and gratitude.—My good lord, said Sir Philip, you have disposed of two houses, and have none ready to receive you; will you accept of mine? It is much at your service; and its being in the same county with your eldest son, will be an inducement to you to reside there. The baron caught Sir Philip's hand.—Noble Sir, I thank you, and I will embrace your kind offer; I will be your tenant for the present; my castle in Wales shall be put in repair in the mean time; if I do not reside there, it will be an establishment for one of my younger sons: but what will you do with your old soldiers and dependants?—My lord, I will never cast them off. There is another house on the estate that has been shut up many years; I will have it repaired and furnished properly for the reception of my old men: I will endow it with a certain sum, to be paid annually, and will appoint a steward to manage their revenue; I will continue it during the lives of the first inhabitants, and after that I shall leave it to my son here, to do as he pleases.—Your son, said Edmund, will make it the business of his life to act worthy of such a father.—Enough, said Sir Philip, I am satisfied that you will. I purpose to reside myself in that very apartment which my dear friend your father inhabited; I will tread in his footsteps, and think he sees me acting his part in his son's family. I will be attended by my own servants; and whenever you desire it, I will give you my company; your joys, your griefs, shall be mine; I shall hold your children in my arms, and their prattle shall amuse my old age; and, as my last earthly wish, your hands shall close my eyes.

—Long, very long, said Edmund (with eyes and hands lifted up) may it be ere I perform so sad a duty!—Long and happily may you live together, said the baron! I will hope to see you sometimes, and to claim a share in your blessings. But let us give no more tears to sorrow, the rest shall be those of joy and transport. The first step we take shall be to marry our Edmund: I will give orders for the celebration, and they shall be the last orders I shall give in this house. They then separated, and went to prepare for the approaching solemnity.

Sir Philip, and the baron had a private conference concerning Edmund's assuming the name and title of Lovel. I am resolved, said Sir Philip, to go to the king, to acquaint him briefly with Edmund's history; I will request that he may be called up to parliament by a writ, for there is no need of a new patent, he being the true heir; in the mean time he shall assume the name, arms, and title, and I will answer any one that shall dispute his right to them. Sir Philip then declared his resolution to set out with the baron at his departure, and settle all his other affairs before he returned to take up his residence at the castle.

A few days after the marriage was celebrated, to the entire satisfaction of all parties. The baron ordered the doors to be thrown open, and the house free for all comers; with every other taken of joy and festivity. Edmund appeared full of joy without levity, of mirth without extravagance; he received the congratulations of his friends with ease, freedom, and vivacity. He sent for his foster father and mother, who began to think themselves neglected, as he had been so deeply engaged in affairs of more consequence, that he had not been particularly attentive to them; he made them come into the great hall, and presented them to his lady.

These, said he, are the good people to whom I am, under God, indebted for my present happiness; they were my first benefactors; I was obliged to them for food and sustenance in my childhood, and this good woman nourished my infancy at her own breast. The lady received them graciously, and saluted Margery. Andrew knelt down, and, with great humility, begged Edmund's pardon for his treatment of him in his childhood.—I heartily forgive you, said he, and I will excuse you to yourself; it was natural for you to look upon me as an intruder, that was eating your children's bread; you saved my life, and afterward you sustained it by your food and raiment: I ought to have maintained myself, and to have contributed to your maintenance. But, besides this, your treatment to me was the first of my preferment; it recommended me to the notice of this noble family: every thing that happened to me since, has been a step to my present state of honor and happiness. Never man had so many benefactors as myself; but both they, and myself, have been only instruments in the hands of Providence, to bring about its own purposes: let us praise God for all! I shared your poverty, and you will share my riches; I will give you the cottage where you dwell, and the ground about it; I will also pay you the annual sum of ten pounds for the lives of you both; I will put out your children to manual trades; and assist you to provide for them in their own station; and you are to look upon this as paying a debt, and not bestowing a gift; I owe you more than I can ever pay; and, if there be any thing farther in my power, that will contribute to your happiness, you can ask nothing in reason that I will deny you.

Andrew hid his face: I cannot bear it! said he: Oh! what a brute was I, to abuse such a child as this; I shall never forgive myself.—You must, indeed, my friend! for I forgive and thank you. Andrew retired back, but Margery came forward; she looked earnestly on Edmund, she then threw her arms about his neck, and wept aloud.—My precious child! my lovely babe! thank God, I have lived to see this day! I will rejoice in your good fortune, and your bounty to us, but I must ask one more favour yet; that I may sometimes come hither and behold that gracious countenance, and thank God that was honored so far as to give these food from my own breast, and to bring these up to be a blessing to me, and to all that know thee.—Edmund was affected; he returned her embrace; he bade her come to the castle as often as she pleased, and she should always be received as his mother; the bride saluted her, and told her, the offerer she came, the more welcome she should be. Margery and her husband retired, full of blessings and prayers for their happiness; she gave vent to her joy, by relating to the servants and neighbors every circumstance of Edmund's birth, infancy, and childhood: many a tear was dropped by the auditors, and many a prayer waited to heaven for his happiness. Joseph took up the story where she left it; he told the rising dawn of youth and virtue, darting its rays through the clouds of obscurity, and how every stroke of envy and malignity brushed away some part of the darkness that veiled its lustre. He told the story of the haunted apartment, and all the consequences of it; how he and Oswald conveyed the youth away from the castle, no more to return till he came as master of it. He closed the tale with praise to heaven for the happy discovery, that gave such an heir to the house of Lovel; to his dependants such a lord and master; to mankind a friend and benefactor. There was truly a house of joy; not that false kind, in the midst of which there is heaviness; but that of rational creatures, grateful to the Supreme Benefactor, raising their minds, by a due enjoyment of earthly blessings, to a preparation for a more perfect state hereafter.

A few days after the wedding, the Lord Fitz-Owen began to prepare for his journey to the north. He gave to Edmund the plate, linen, and furniture of the castle, the farming stock and utensils; he would have added a sum of money, but Sir Philip stopped his hand.—We do not forget, said he, that you have other children; we will not suffer you to injure them; give us your blessing, and paternal affection, and we have nothing more to ask. I told you, my lord, that you and

I should one day be sincere friends.—We must be so, answered the baron; it is impossible to be long your enemy; we are brothers, and shall be to our lives' end.

They regulated the young man's household; the baron gave leave to his servants to choose their master; the elder ones followed him (except Joseph, who desired to live with Edmund, as the chief happiness of his life); most of the younger ones chose the service of the youthful pair. There was a tender and affectionate parting on all sides. Edmund besought his beloved William not to leave him. The baron said, he must insist on his being at his brother's wedding, as a due attention to him; but after that he should return to the castle for some time.

The baron and Sir Philip Harclay, with their train, set forward. Sir Philip went to London, and obtained all he desired for his Edmund: from thence he went into Yorkshire, and settled his affairs there, removing his pensioners to his other house, and putting Lord Fitz-Owen in possession of his own. They had a generous contention about the terms; but Sir Philip insisted on the baron's accepting the use of every thing there: You hold it in trust for a future grandchild, said he, whom I hope to live to endow with it.

During Sir Philip's absence, the young Lord Lovel caused the haunted apartment to be repaired and furnished for the reception of his father by adoption. He placed his friend Joseph over all his men-servants, and ordered him to forbear his attendance; but the old man would always stand at the sideboard, and feast his eyes with the countenance of his own master's son, surrounded with honor and happiness. John Wyatt waited upon the person of his lord, and enjoyed his favor without abatement. Mr. William Fitz-Owen accompanied Sir Philip Harclay from the north country, when he returned to take up his residence at the castle of Lovel.

Edmund, in the arms of love and friendship, enjoyed with true reliant the blessings that surrounded him, with a heart overflowing with benevolence to his fellow-creatures, and raptures of gratitude to his Creator. His lady and himself were examples of conjugal affection and happiness. Within a year from his marriage he brought him a son and heir, whose birth renewed the joy and congratulations of all his friends: the Baron Fitz-Owen came to the baptism, and partook of his children's blessings. The child was called Arthur, after the name of its grandfather.

The year following was born a second son, who was called Philip Harclay; upon him the noble knight of that name settled his estate in Yorkshire; and, by the king's permission, he took the name and arms of that family.

The third son was called William; he inherited the fortune of his uncle of that name, who adopted him, and he made the castle of Lovel his residence, and died a bachelor.

The fourth son was called Edmund; the fifth Owen; and there was also a daughter called Emma.

When time had worn out the prejudices of Sir Robert Fitz-Owen, the good old baron of that name proposed a marriage between his eldest son and heir, and the daughter of Edmund Lord Lovel, which was happily concluded. The nuptials were honored with the presence of both families; and the old baron was so elevated with this happy union of his descendants, that he cried out—Now I am ready to die! I have lived long enough! this is the band of love that unites all my children to me, and to each other. He did not long survive this happy event; he died full of years and honors, and his name was never mentioned but with the deepest marks of gratitude, love, and veneration. Sweet is the remembrance of the virtuous, and happy are the descendants of such a father! they will think on him, and emulate his virtues; they will remember him, and be ashamed to degenerate from their ancestor.

Many years after Sir Philip Harclay settled at the castle, he received tidings from his friend Zadisky, by one of the two servants who attended him to the Holy Land. From him he learned that his friend had discovered, by private advice, that he had a son living in Palestine, which was the chief motive of his leaving England; that he had met with various adventures in pursuit of him; that at length he found him, converted him to the Christian religion, and then persuaded him to retire from the world into a monastery by the side of Mount Libanus, where he intended to end his days.

That Walter, commonly called Lord Lovel, had entered into the service of the Greek emperor, John Paleologus, not bearing to undergo a life of solitude and retirement; that he made up a story of his being compelled to leave his native country by his relations, for having accidentally killed one of them, and that he was treated with great cruelty and injustice; that he had accepted a post in the emperor's army, and was soon after married to the daughter of one of the chief officers of it.

Zadisky foresaw, and lamented the downfall of that empire, and withdrew from the storm he saw approaching. Finally, he bade the messenger tell Sir Philip Harclay and his adopted son, that he should not cease to pray for them, and desired their prayers in return.

Sir Philip desired Lord Lovel to entertain this messenger in his service. That good knight lived to extreme old age, in honour and happiness, and died in the arms of his beloved Edmund; who also performed the last duties to his faithful Joseph.

Father Oswald lived many years in the family as chaplain; he retired from thence at length, and died in his own monastery. Edmund Lord Lovel lived to old age, in peace, honor, and happiness; and died in the arms of his children.

Sir Philip Harclay caused the papers relating to his son's history to be collected together; the first part of it was written under his own eye in Yorkshire, the subsequent parts by father Oswald, at the castle of Lovel. All these, when together, furnish a striking lesson to posterity, of the overruling hand of Providence, and the certainty of RETRIBUTION.

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THE LIFE AND ESSAYS OF DR. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

PREFACE.

EVERY civilized nation on the globe, has, at one period or other, produced distinguished individuals, whose actions have excited the admiration of their contemporaries, and rendered them worthy of being handed down as examples to posterity. The Memoirs of Dr. Franklin are interesting in a high degree, and worthy the perusal of every friend to science or humanity.

Mr. Jefferson, the President of the United States of America, in his 'Notes on Virginia,' thus speaks in answer to the assertion of the Abbe Raynal, that 'America has not yet produced one good poet, one able mathematician, one man of genius, in a single art, or a single science.'—'When we shall have existed as a nation,' says Mr. J. 'as long as the Greeks did before they produced a Homer, the Romans a Virgil, the French a Racine and Voltaire, the English a Shakespeare and Milton, should this reproach be still true, we will inquire from what unfriendly causes it has proceeded, that the other countries of Europe and quarters of the earth shall not have inscribed any name in the roll of poets. In war we have produced a Washington, whose memory will be adored while liberty shall have votaries; whose name will triumph over time, and will in future ages assume its just station among the most celebrated worthies of the world, which wretched philosophy shall be forgotten which would arrange him among the degeneracies of nature. In physics we have a FRANKLIN, than whom no one of the present age has made more important discoveries, nor has enriched philosophy with more, or more ingenious solutions of the phenomena of nature. We have supposed Mr. Rittenhouse second to no astronomer living; that in genius he must be the first, because he is self-taught; &c.

In philosophy England can boast of a Bacon, whose Essays is one of the best proofs we can adduce of his transcendent abilities; and America claims the enlightened FRANKLIN, whose Life and Writings are the subject of the following sheets.

It will only be necessary to add, that due attention has been paid in the selection of such of his productions as may be adapted to general perusal. The following letter from the celebrated Dr. Price to a gentleman in Philadelphia, respecting Dr. Franklin will not, it is presumed, be deemed inapplicable:

'DEAR SIR, Hackney, June, 19, 1790.

'I AM hardly able to tell you how kindly I take the letters with which you favor me. Your last, containing an account of the death of your excellent friend, Dr. Franklin, and the circumstances attending it, deserves my peculiar gratitude. The account which he has left of his life will show, in a striking example, how a man, by talents, industry, and integrity, may rise from obscurity to the first eminence and consequence in the world; but it brings his history no lower than the year 1757, and I understand that since he sent over the copy, which I have read, he has been able to make no additions to it. It is with a melancholy regret that I think of his death; but to death we are all bound by the irrevocable order of nature, and in looking forward to it, there is comfort in being able to reflect—that we have not lived in vain, and that all the useful and virtuous shall meet in a better country beyond the grave.

'Dr. Franklin, in the last letter I received from him, after mentioning his age and infirmities, observes, that it has been kindly ordered by the Author of Nature, that, as we draw nearer the conclusion of life we are furnished with more helps to wean us from it, amongst which one of the strongest is the loss of dear friends. I was delighted with the account you gave in your letter of the honor shown to his memory at Philadelphia, and by Congress: and yesterday I received a high additional pleasure by being informed that the National Assembly of France had determined to go into mourning for him.—What a glorious scene is opened there? The annals of the world furnish no parallel to it. One of the honors of our departed friend is, that he has contributed much to it.

'I am, with great respect,

'Your obliged and very humble servant,

'RICHARD PRICE.'

LIFE OF DR. FRANKLIN.

MY DEAR SON,

I HAVE amused myself with collecting some little anecdotes of my family. You may remember the inquiries I made, when you were with me in England, among such of my relations as were then living; and the journey I undertook for that purpose. To be acquainted with the particulars of my parentage and life, many of which are unknown to you, I flatter myself will afford the same pleasure to you as to me. I shall relate them upon paper: it will be an agreeable employment of a week's uninterrupted leisure, which I promise myself during my present retirement in the country. There are also other motives which induce me to the undertaking. From the bosom of poverty and obscurity, in which I drew my first breath, and spent my earliest years, I have raised myself to a state of opulence and to some degree of celebrity in the world. A constant good fortune has attended me through every period of life to my present advanced age; and my descendants may be desirous of learning what were the means of which I made use, and which, thanks to the assisting hand of Providence, have proved so eminently successful. They may, also, should they ever be placed in a similar situation, derive some advantage from my narrative.

When I reflect, as I frequently do, upon the felicity I have enjoyed, I sometimes say to myself, that, were the offer made true, I would engage to run again, from beginning to end, the same career of life. All I would ask, should be the privilege of an author, to correct, in a second edition, certain errors of the first. I could wish, likewise, if it were in my power, to change some trivial incidents and events for others more favorable. Were this, however, denied me, still would I not decline the offer. But since a repetition of life cannot take place, there is nothing which, in my opinion, so nearly resembles it, as to call to mind all its circumstances, and, to render their remembrance more durable, commit them to writing. By thus employing myself, I shall yield to the inclination, so natural in old men, to talk of themselves and their exploits, and may freely follow my bent, without being troublesome to those who, from respect to my age, might think themselves obliged to listen to me; as they will be at liberty to read me or not as they please. In fine—and I may as well avow it, since nobody would believe me were I to deny it—I shall, perhaps, by this employment, gratify my vanity. Scarcely, indeed, have I ever heard or read the introductory phrase, 'I may say without vanity,' but some striking and characteristic instance of vanity has immediately followed. The generality of men hate vanity in others, however strongly they may be inclined to it themselves; for myself, I pay obedience to it wherever I meet with it, persuaded that it is advantageous, as well to the individual whom it governs, as to those who are within the sphere of its influence. Of consequence, it would, in many cases, not be wholly absurd, that a man should count his vanity among the other sweets of life, and give thanks to Providence for the blessing.

And here let me with all humility acknowledge, that to Divine Providence I am indebted for the felicity I have hitherto enjoyed. It is that power alone which has furnished me with the means I have employed, and that has crowned them with success. My faith in this respect, leads me to hope, though I cannot count upon it, that the Divine goodness will still be exercised towards me, either by prolonging the duration of my happiness to the close of life, or by giving me fortitude to support any melancholy reverse, which may happen to me, as to so many others. My future fortune is unknown but to Him in whose hand is our destiny, and who can make our very afflictions subservient to our benefit.

One of my uncles, desirous, like myself, of collecting anecdotes of our family, gave me some notes, from which I have derived many particulars respecting our ancestors. From these I learn, that they had lived in the same village (Eaton in Northamptonshire), upon a freehold of about thirty acres, for the space at least of three hundred years. How long they had resided there, prior to that period, my uncle had been unable to discover; probably ever since the institution of surnames, when they took the appellation of Franklin, which had formerly been the name of a particular order of individuals.*

This petty estate would not have sufficed for their subsistence, had they not added the trade of blacksmith, which was perpetuated in the family down to my uncle's time, the eldest son having been uniformly brought up to this employment: a custom which both he and my father observed with respect to their eldest sons.

In the researches I made at Eaton, I found no account of their births, marriages, and deaths, earlier than the year 1555; the parish register not extending farther back than that period. This register informed me, that I was the youngest son of the youngest branch of the family, counting five generations. My grandfather, Thomas, was born in 1598, lived at Eaton till he was too old to continue his trade, when he retired to Banbury, in Oxfordshire, where his son John, who was a dyer, resided, and with whom my father was apprenticed. He died, and was buried there: he saw his monument in 1758. His eldest son lived in the family house at Eaton, which he bequeathed, with the land belonging to it, to his only daughter; who, in concert with her husband, Mr. Fisher, of Wellingborough, afterward sold it to Mr. Estead, the present proprietor.

My grandfather had four surviving sons, Thomas, John, Benjamin, and Josias. I shall give you such particulars of them as my memory will furnish, not having any papers here, in which you will find a more minute account, if they are not lost during my absence.

* As a proof that Franklin was anciently the common name of an order or rank in England, see Judge Fortesque, *De laudibus legum Angliæ*, written about the year 1412, in which is the following passage, to show that good jurists might easily be formed in any part of England.

'Rogis etiam illi, in responsa fortisquæ, aut possessoribus terrarum et agrorum, quod in ea, villula tam parva reperiri non poterit, in qua non est miles, armiger, vel pater-familias, qualis ibidem franklin vulgariter nuncupatur, magnæ datus prestantiæ, nec non libere tenentes et alii pauculi plurimi, suis patri-moniis sufficientes, ad faciendum juratum, in forma prenotata.' Moreover the same country is so filled and replenished with landed men, that therein so small a thorpe cannot be found wherein dwelleth not a knight, an esquire, or such a householder as is there commonly called a franklin, enriched with great possessions; and also other freeholders and many yeomen, able for their livelihood to make a jury in form aforementioned.

Chaucer too, calls his country-gentleman a franklin; and, after describing his good house-keeping, thus characterizes him:

This worthy franklin bore a purse of silk
Fixed to his girdle, white as morning milk;
Knight of the shire, first justice at the assize,
To help the poor, the doubtful to advise.
In all employments, generous, just he prov'd,
Renown'd for courtesy, by all belov'd.

Thomas had learned the trade of a blacksmith under his father; but, possessing a good natural understanding, he improved it by study, at the solicitation of a gentleman of the name of Palmer, who was at that time the principal inhabitant of the village, and who encouraged, in like manner, all my uncles to cultivate their minds. Thomas thus rendered himself competent to the functions of a country attorney; soon became an essential personage in the affairs of the village; and was one of the chief movers of every public enterprise, as well relative to the county as the town of Northampton. A variety of remarkable incidents were told us of him at Eaton. After enjoying the esteem and patronage of Lord Halifax, he died January 6, 1702, precisely four years before I was born. The recital that was made us of his life and character, by some aged persons of the village, struck you, I remember, as extraordinary, from its analogy to what you knew of myself. 'Had he died,' said you, 'just four years later, one might have supposed a transmigration of souls.'

John, to the best of my belief, was brought up to the trade of a wool-dyer.

Benjamin served his apprenticeship in London to a silk-dyer. He was an industrious man; I remember him well; for, while I was a child, he joined my father at Boston, and lived for some years in the house with us. A particular affection had always subsisted between my father and him; and I was his godson. He arrived to a great age. He left behind him two quarto volumes of poems in manuscript, consisting of little fugitive pieces addressed to his friends. He had invented a short-hand, which he taught me, but, having never made use of it, I have now forgotten it. He was a man of piety, and a constant attendant on the best preachers, whose sermons he took a pleasure in writing down, according to the expeditious method he had devised. Many volumes were thus collected by him. He was also extremely fond of politics; too much so, perhaps, for his situation. I lately found in London a collection which he had made of all the principal pamphlets relative to public affairs, from the year 1641 to 1717. Many volumes are wanting, as appears by the series of numbers; but there still remain eight in folio, and twenty-four in quarto and octavo. The collection had fallen into the hands of a second-hand bookseller, who, knowing me by having sold me some books, brought it to me. My uncle, it seems, had left it behind him on his departure for America, about fifty years ago. I found various notes of his writing in the margins. His grandson, Samuel, is now living at Boston.

Our humble family had early embraced the Reformation. They remained faithfully attached during the reign of Queen Mary, when they were in danger of being molested on account of their zeal against popery. They had an English Bible, and, to conceal it the more securely, they conceived the project of fastening it, open, with pack-threads across the leaves, on the inside of the lid of the close-stool. When my great-grandfather wished to read to his family, he reversed the lid of the close-stool upon his knees, and passed the leaves from one side to the other, which were held down on each by the pack-thread. One of the children was stationed at the door, to give notice if he saw the parson (an officer of the spiritual court) make his appearance: in that case, the lid was restored to its place, with the Bible concealed under it as before. I had this anecdote from my uncle Benjamin.

The whole family preserved its attachment to the Church of England till towards the close of the reign of Charles II. when certain ministers, who had been rejected as non-conformists, having held conventicles in Northamptonshire, they were joined by Benjamin and Josias, who adhered to them ever after. The rest of the family continued in the episcopal church.

My father, Josias, married early in life. He went, with his wife and three children, to New England, about the year 1682. Conventicles being at that time prohibited by law, and frequently disturbed, some considerable persons of his acquaintance determined to go to America, where they hoped to enjoy the free exercise of their religion, and my father was prevailed on to accompany them.

My father had also, by the same wife, four children born in America, and ten others by a second wife, making in all seventeen. I remember to have seen thirteen seated together at his table, who all arrived at years of maturity, and were married. I was the last of the sons, and the youngest child, excepting two daughters. I was born at Boston, in New England. My mother, the second wife, was Abiah Folger, daughter of Peter Folger, one of the first colonists of New England, of whom Cotton Mather makes honorable mention, in his Ecclesiastical History of that province, as 'a pious and learned Englishman,' if I rightly recollect his expressions. I have been told of his having written a variety of little pieces; but there appears to be only one in print, which I met with many years ago. It was published in the year 1675, and is in familiar verse, agreeable to the taste of the times and the country. The author addresses himself to the governors for the time being, speaks for liberty of conscience, and in favor of the anabaptists, quakers, and other sectaries, who had suffered persecution. To this persecution he attributes the wars with the natives, and other calamities which afflicted the country, regarding them as the judgments of God in punishment of so odious an offence, and he exhorts the government to the repeal of laws so contrary to charity. The poem appeared to be written with a manly freedom and a pleasing simplicity. I recollect the six concluding lines, though I have forgotten the order of words of the two first: the sense of which was, that his enemies were dictated by benevolence, and that, of consequence, he wished to be known as the author; because, said he, I have from my very soul dissimulation.

From Sherburn,* where I dwell,
I therefore put my name,
Your friend, who means you well,
Peter Folger.

My brothers were all put apprentices to different trades. With respect to myself, I was sent, at the age of eight years, to a grammar-school. My father destined me for the church, and already regarded me as the chaplain of my family. The promptitude with which from my infancy I had learned to read, for I do not remember to have been ever without this acquirement, and the encouragement of his friends, who assured him that I should one day certainly become a man of letters, confirmed him in this design. My uncle Benjamin approved also of the scheme, and promised to give me all his volumes of sermons, written, as I have said, in the shorthand of his invention, if I would take the pains to learn it.

I remained, however, scarcely a year at the grammar-school, although, in this short interval, I had risen from the middle to the head of my class, from thence to the class immediately above, and was to pass, at the end of the year, to the one next in order. But my father, burdened with a numerous family, found that he was incapable, without subjecting himself to difficulties, of providing for the expenses of a collegiate education; and considering, besides, as I heard him say to his friends, that persons so educated were often poorly provided for, he renounced his first intentions, took me from the grammar-school, and sent me to a school for writing and arithmetic, kept by a Mr. George Brownwell, who was a skillful master, and succeeded very well in his profession by employing gentle means only, and such as were calculated to encourage his scholars. Under him I soon acquired an excellent hand; but I failed in arithmetic, and made therein no sort of progress.

At the age of ten years, I was called home to assist my father in his occupation, which was that of a soap-boiler and tallow-chandler; a business to which he had served no apprenticeship, but which he embraced on his arrival in New England, because he found his own, that of dyer, in too little request to enable him to maintain his family. I was accordingly employed in cutting the wicks, filling the moulds, taking care of the shop, carrying messages, &c.

This business displeased me, and I felt a strong inclination for a sea life; but my father set his face against it. The vicinity of the water, however, gave me frequent opportunities of venturing myself both upon and within it, and I soon acquired the art of swimming, and of managing a boat. When embarked with other children, the helm was commonly deputed to me, particularly on difficult occasions; and, in every other project, I was almost always the leader of the troop, whom I sometimes involved in embarrassments. I shall give an instance of this, which demonstrates an early disposition of mind for public enterprises, though the one in question was not conducted by justice.

The mill-pond was terminated on one side by a marsh, upon the borders of which we were accustomed to take our stand, at high water, to angle for small fish. By dint of walking, we had converted the place into a perfect quagmire. My proposal was to erect a wharf that should afford us firm footing; and I pointed out to my companions a large heap of stones, intended for the building a new house near the marsh, and which were well adapted for our purpose. Accordingly, when the workmen retired in the evening, I assembled a number of my play-fellows, and by laboring diligently, like ants, sometimes four of us uniting our strength to carry a single stone, we removed them all, and constructed our little quay. The workmen were surprised the next morning at not finding their stones; which had been conveyed to our wharf. Inquiries were made respecting the authors of this conveyance; we were discovered: complaints were exhibited against us; and many of us underwent correction on the part of our parents; and though I strenuously defended the utility of the work, my father at length convinced me, that nothing which was not strictly honest could be useful.

It will not, perhaps, be uninteresting to you to know what sort of a man my father was. He had an excellent constitution, was of a middle size, but well made and strong, and extremely active in whatever he undertook. He designed with a degree of neatness, and knew a little of music. His voice was sonorous and agreeable, so that when he sung a psalm or hymn, with the accompaniment of his violin, as was his frequent practice in an evening, when the labors of the day were finished, it was truly delightful to hear him. He was versed also in mechanics, and could, upon occasion, use the tools of a variety of trades. But his greatest excellence was a sound understanding and solid judgment in matters of prudence, both in public and private life. In the former indeed he never engaged, because his numerous family, and the mediocrity of his fortune, kept him unremittingly employed in the duties of his profession. But I well remember that the leading men of the place used frequently to come and ask his advice respecting the affairs of the town, or of the church to which he belonged, and that they paid much deference to his opinion. Individuals were also in the habit of consulting him in their private affairs, and he was often chosen arbiter between contending parties.

He was fond of having at his table, as often as possible, some friends or well-informed neighbors, capable of rational conversation, and he was always careful to introduce useful or ingenious topics of discourse, which might tend to form the minds of his children. By this means he early attracted our attention to what was just, prudent, and beneficial in the conduct of life. He never talked of the meats which appeared upon the table, never discussed whether they were well or ill-dressed, of a good or bad flavor, high-seasoned, or otherwise, preferable or inferior to this or that dish of a similar

kind. Thus accustomed, from my infancy, to the utmost inattention as to these objects, I have been perfectly regardless of what kind of food was before me; and I pay so little attention to it even now, that it would be a hard matter for me to recollect, a few hours after I had dined, of what my dinner had consisted. When travelling, I have particularly experienced the advantage of this habit; for it has often happened to me to be in company with persons, who, having a more delicate, because a more exercised taste, have suffered in many cases considerable inconvenience; while, as to myself, I have had nothing to desire.

My mother was likewise possessed of an excellent constitution. She suckled all her ten children, and I never heard either her or my father complain of any other disorder than that of which they died: my father at the age of eighty-seven, and my mother at eighty-five. They are buried together at Boston, where, a few years ago, I placed a marble stone over their grave, with this inscription:

"Here lie

"JOSIAS FRANKLIN and ABIAH his wife: They lived together with reciprocal affection for fifty-nine years; and without private fortune, without lucrative employment, by assiduous labor and honest industry, decently supported a numerous family, and educated with success, thirteen children, and seven grandchildren. Let this example, reader, encourage thee diligently to discharge the duties of thy calling, and to rely on the support of Divine Providence.

"He was pious and prudent,
"She discreet and virtuous.

"Their youngest son, from a sentiment of filial
"duty, consecrates this stone
"to their memory."

I perceive, by my rambling digressions, that I am growing old. But we do not dress for a private company as for a formal ball. This deserves, perhaps, the name of negligence.

To return. I thus continued employed in my father's trade for the space of two years; that is to say, till I arrived at twelve years of age. About this time my brother John, who had served his apprenticeship in London, having quitted my father, and being married and settled in business on his own account at Rhode Island, I was destined, to all appearance, to supply his place, and be a candle-maker all my life: but my dislike of this occupation continuing, my father was apprehensive, that, if a more agreeable one were not offered me, I might play the truant and escape to sea; as, to his extreme mortification, my brother Josias had done. He therefore took me sometimes to see masons, coopers, braziers, joiners, and other mechanics, employed at their work; in order to discover the bent of my inclination, and to fix it if he could upon some occupation that might retain me on shore. I have since, in consequence of these visits, derived no small pleasure from seeing skillful workmen handle their tools; and it has proved of considerable benefit, to have acquired thereby sufficient knowledge to be able to make little things for myself, when I have had no mechanic at hand, and to construct small machines for my experiments, while the idea I have conceived has been fresh and strongly impressed on my imagination.

My father at length decided that I should be a cutler, and I was placed for some days upon trial with my cousin Samuel, son of my uncle Benjamin, who had learned this trade in London, and had established himself at Boston. But the premium he required for my apprenticeship displeasing my father, I was recalled home.

From my earliest years I had been passionately fond of reading, and I had laid out in books all the money I could procure. I was particularly pleased with accounts of voyages. My first acquisition was Bunyan's collection in small separate volumes. These I afterward sold, in order to buy an historical collection by R. Burton, which consisted of small cheap volumes, amounting in all to about forty or fifty. My father's little library was principally made up of books of practical and polemical theology. I read the greatest part of them. I have since often regretted that at a time when I had so great a thirst for knowledge, more eligible books had not fallen into my hands, as it was then a point decided that I should not be educated for the church. There was also among my father's books Plutarch's Lives, in which I read continually, and I still regard as advantageously employed the time I devoted to them. I found besides a work of De Foe's, entitled an Essay on Projects, from which, perhaps, I derived impressions that have since influenced some of the principal events of my life.

My inclination for books at last determined my father to make me a printer, though he had already a son in that profession. My brother had returned from England in 1717, with a press and types, in order to establish a printing-house at Boston. This business pleased me much better than that of my father, though I had still a predilection for the sea. To prevent the effects which might result from this inclination, my father was impatient to see me engaged with my brother. I held back for some time; at length, however, I suffered myself to be persuaded, and signed my indentures, being then only twelve years of age. It was agreed that I should serve as apprentice to the age of twenty-one, and should receive journeyman's wages only during the last year.

In a very short time I made great proficiency in this business, and became very serviceable to my brother. I had now an opportunity of procuring better books. The acquaintance I necessarily formed with booksellers' apprentices, enabled me to borrow a volume now and then, which I never failed to return punctually and without injury. How often has it happened to me to pass the greater part of the night in reading by my bed-side, when the book had been lent me in

the evening, and was to be returned the next morning, lest it might be missed or wanted.

At length Mr. Blauwe Adams, an ingenious tradesman, who had a handsome collection of books, and who frequented our printing-house, took notice of me. He invited me to see his library, and had the goodness to lend me any books I was desirous of reading. I then took a strange fancy for poetry, and composed several little pieces. My brother, thinking he might find his account in it, encouraged me, and engaged me to write two ballads. One, called the Lighthouse Tragedy, contained an account of the shipwreck of Captain Worthlake and his two daughters; the other was a sailor's song on the capture of the noted pirate called Teach, or Black-beard. They were wretched verses in point of style, mere blindmen's ditties. When printed, he dispatched me about the town to sell them. The first had a prodigious run, because the event was recent, and had made a great noise.

My vanity was flattered by this success; but my father checked my exultation, by ridiculing my productions, and telling me that versifiers were always poor. I thus escaped the misfortune of being a very wretched poet. But as the faculty of writing prose has been of great service to me in the course of my life, and principally contributed to my advancement, I shall relate by what means, situated as I was, I acquired the small skill I may possess in that way.

There was in the town another young man, a great lover of books, of the name of John Collins, with whom I was intimately connected. We frequently engaged in dispute, and were indeed so fond of argumentation, that nothing was so agreeable to us as a war of words. This contentious temper, I would observe by-the-by, is in danger of becoming a very bad habit, and frequently renders a man's company insupportable, as being no otherwise capable of indulgence than by an indiscriminate contradiction. Independently of the acrimony and discord it introduces into conversation, it is often productive of dislike, and even hatred, between persons to whom friendship is indispensably necessary. I acquired it by reading, while I lived with my father, books of religious controversy. I have since remarked, that men of sense seldom fall into this error; lawyers, fellows of universities, and persons of every profession educated at Edinburgh, excepted.

Collins and I fell one day into an argument, relative to the education of women; namely, whether it was proper to instruct them in the sciences, and whether they were competent to the study. Collins supported the negative, and affirmed that the task was beyond their capacity. I maintained the opposite opinion, a little perhaps for the pleasure of disputing. He was naturally more eloquent than I; words flowed copiously from his lips; and frequently I thought myself vanquished, more by his volubility than by the force of his argument. We separated without coming to an agreement upon this point, and as we were not to see each other again for some time, I committed my thoughts to paper, made a fair copy, and sent it to him. He answered, and I replied. Three or four letters had been written by each, when my father chanced to light upon my papers and read them. Without entering into the merits of the cause, he embraced the opportunity of speaking to me upon my manner of writing. He observed, that though I had the advantage of my adversary in correct spelling and pointing, which I owed to my occupation, I was greatly his inferior in elegance of expression, in arrangement, and perspicuity. Of this he convinced me by several examples. I felt the justice of his remarks, became more attentive to language, and resolved to make every effort to improve my style.

Amidst these resolves an odd volume of the spectator fell into my hands. This was a publication I had never seen. I bought the volume, and read it again and again. I was enchanted with it, thought the style excellent, and wished it were in my power to imitate it. With this view I selected some of the papers, made short summaries of the sense of each period, and put them for a few days aside. I then, without looking at the book, endeavored to restore the essays to their due form, and to express each thought at length, as it was in the original, employing the most appropriate words that occurred to my mind. I afterward compared my Spectator with the original; I perceived some faults, which I corrected; but I found that I wanted a fund of words, if I may so express myself, and a facility of recollecting and employing them, which I thought I should by that time have acquired, had I continued to make verses. The continual need of words of the same meaning, but of different lengths for the measure, or of different sounds for the rhyme, would have obliged me to seek for a variety of synonyms, and have rendered me master of them. From this belief, I took some of the tales of the Spectator and turned them into verse; and, after a time, when I had sufficiently forgotten them, I again converted them into prose.

Sometimes, also, I mingled all my summaries together; and, a few weeks after endeavored to arrange them in the best order, before I attempted to form the periods and complete the essays. This I did with the view of acquiring method in the arrangement of my thoughts. On comparing afterward my performance with the original, many faults were apparent, which I corrected; but I had sometimes the satisfaction to think, that, in certain particulars of little importance, I had been fortunate enough to improve the order of thought or the style; and this encouraged me to hope that I should succeed, in time, in writing decently in the English language, which was one of the great objects of my ambition.

The time which I devoted to these exercises, and to reading, was the evening after my day's labor was finished, the morning before it began, and Sundays when I could escape attending Divine service. While I lived with my father, he had insisted on my punctual attendance on public worship, and I still indeed considered it as a duty, but a duty which I thought I had no time to practise.

* Town in the island of Nantucket.

When about sixteen years of age, a work of Tyron fell into my hands, in which he recommends vegetable diet. I determined to observe it. My brother being a bachelor, did not keep house, but boarded with his apprentices in a neighboring family. My refusing to eat animal food was found inconvenient, and I was often scolded for my singularity. I attended to the mode in which Tyron prepared some of his dishes, particularly how to boil potatoes and rice, and make hasty puddings. I then said to my brother, that if he would allow me per week half what he paid for my board, I would undertake to maintain myself. The offer was instantly embraced, and I soon found that of what he gave me I was able to save half. This was a new fund for the purchase of books; and other advantages resulted to me from the plan. When my brother and his workmen left the printing-house to go to dinner, I remained behind; and dispatching my frugal meal, which frequently consisted of a biscuit only, or a slice of bread and a bunch of raisins, or a bun from the pastry-cook's, with a glass of water, I had the rest of the time, till their return, for study; and my progress therein was proportioned to that clearness of ideas, and quickness of conception, which are the fruit of temperance in eating and drinking.

It was about this period that, having one day been put to the blush for my ignorance in the art of calculation, which I had twice failed to learn while at school, I took Cocker's *Treatise of Arithmetic*, and went through it myself with the utmost ease. I also read a book of Navigation by Seller and Sturmy, and made myself master of the little geometry it contains, but I never proceeded far in this science. Nearly at the same time I read Locke on the Human Understanding, and the Art of Thinking, by Messrs. du Port Royal.

While laboring to form and improve my style, I met with an English Grammar, which I believe was Greenwood's, having at the end of it two little essays on rhetoric and logic. In the latter I found a model of disputation after the manner of Socrates. Shortly after I procured Xenophon's work, entitled, *Memorable Things of Socrates*, in which are various examples of the same method. Charmed to a degree of enthusiasm with this mode of disputing, I adopted it, and reasoning blunt contradiction, and direct and positive argument, I assumed the character of an humble questioner. The perusal of Shafsbury and Collins had made me a sceptic; and being previously so as to many doctrines of Christianity, I found Socrates' method to be both the safest for myself, as well as the most embarrassing to those against whom I employed it. It soon afforded me singular pleasure; I incessantly practised it; and became very adroit in obtaining, even from persons of superior understanding, concessions of which they did not foresee the consequence. Thus I involved them in difficulties from which they were unable to extricate themselves, and sometimes obtained victories, which neither my cause nor my arguments merited.

This method I continued to employ for some years; but I afterwards abandoned it by degrees, retaining only the habit of expressing myself with modest diffidence, and never making use, when I advanced any proposition which might be controverted, of the words *certainly*, *undoubtedly*, or any others that might give the appearance of being obstinately attached to my opinion. I rather said, I imagine, I suppose, or it appears to me, that such a thing is so or so, for such and such reasons; or it is so, if I am not mistaken. This habit has, I think, been of considerable advantage to me, when I have had occasion to impress my opinion on the minds of others, and persuade them to the adoption of the measures I have suggested. And since the chief ends of conversation are, to inform or to be informed, to please or to persuade, I could wish that intelligent and well meaning men would not themselves diminish the power they possess of being useful, by a positive and presumptuous manner of expressing themselves, which scarcely ever fails to disgust the hearer, and is only calculated to excite opposition, and defeat every purpose for which the faculty of speech has been bestowed on man. In short, if you wish to inform, a positive and dogmatical manner of advancing your opinion may provoke contradiction, and prevent your being heard with attention. On the other hand, if, with a desire of being informed, and of benefiting by the knowledge of others, you express yourself as being strongly attached to your own opinions, modest and sensible men, who do not love disputation, will leave you in tranquil possession of your errors. By following such a method, you can rarely hope to please your auditors, conciliate their good-will, or work conviction on those whom you may be desirous of gaining over to your views. Pope judiciously observes,

Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propound as things forgot.

And in the same poem he afterward advises us,

To speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence.

He might have added to these lines, one that he has copied elsewhere, in my opinion, with less propriety. It is this:

For want of modesty is want of sense.

If you ask why I say with less propriety, I must give you the two lines together:

Immodest words admit of no defence,

For want of decency is want of sense.

Now want of sense, when a man has the misfortune to be so circumstanced, is it not an excuse for want of modesty? And would not the verses have been more accurate, if they had been constructed thus:

Immodest words admit but this defence,

The want of decency is want of sense.

But I leave the decision of this to better judges than myself. In 1720, or 1721, my brother began to print a new public paper. It was the second that made its appearance in America, and was entitled the 'New England Courant.' The

only one that existed before was the 'Boston News Letter.' Some of his friends, I remember, would have dissuaded him from his undertaking, as a thing that was not likely to succeed; a single newspaper being, in their opinion, sufficient for all America. At present, however, in 1771, there are no less than twenty-five. But he carried his project into execution, and I was employed in distributing the copies to his customers, after having assisted in composing and working them off.

Among his friends he had a number of literary characters, who, as an amusement, wrote short essays for the paper, which gave it reputation and increased the sale. These gentlemen frequently came to our house. I heard the conversation that passed, and the accounts they gave of the favorable reception of their writings with the public. I was tempted to try my hand among them; but being still a child as it were, I was fearful that my brother might be unwilling to print in his paper any performance of which he should know me to be the author. I therefore contrived to disguise my hand, and having written an anonymous piece, I placed it at night under the door of the printing-house, where it was found the next morning. My brother communicated it to his friends when they came as usual to see him, who read it, commented upon it within my hearing, and I had the exquisite pleasure to find that it met with their approbation, and that in their various conjectures they made respecting the author, no one was mentioned who did not enjoy a high reputation in the country for talents and genius. I now supposed myself fortunate in my judges, and began to suspect that they were not such excellent writers as I had hitherto supposed them. Be this as it may, encouraged by this little adventure, I wrote and sent to press, in the same way, many other pieces, which were equally approved: keeping the secret till my slender stock of information and knowledge for such performances was pretty completely exhausted, when I made myself known.

My brother, upon this discovery, began to entertain a little more respect for me; but he still regarded himself as my master, and treated me as an apprentice. He thought himself entitled to the same services from me as from any other person. On the contrary, I conceived that, in many instances, he was too rigorous, and that on the part of a brother, I had a right to expect greater indulgence. Our disputes were frequently brought before my father; and either my brother was generally in the wrong, or I was the better pleader of the two, for judgment was commonly given in my favor. But my brother was passionate, and often had recourse to blows; a circumstance which I took in very ill part. This severe and tyrannical treatment contributed, I believe, to imprint on my mind that aversion to arbitrary power, which, during my whole life, I have ever preserved. My apprenticeship became insupportable to me, and I continually sighed for an opportunity of shortening it, which at length unexpectedly offered.

An article inserted in our paper, upon some political subject which I have now forgotten, gave offence to the Assembly. My brother was taken into custody, censured, and ordered into confinement for a month, because as I presume, he would not discover the author. I was also taken up, and examined before the council; but, though I gave them no satisfaction, they contented themselves with reprimanding, and then dismissed me; considering me probably as secret, in quality of an apprentice, to keep my master's secrets.

The imprisonment of my brother kindled my resentment, notwithstanding our private quarrels. During its continuance the management of the paper was intrusted to me, and I was bold enough to insert some pasquinades against the governors which highly pleased my brother, while others began to look upon me in an unfavorable point of view, considering me as a young wit inclined to satire and lampoon.

My brother's enlargement was accompanied with an arbitrary order from the House of the Assembly, 'That James Franklin should no longer print the newspaper entitled the "New England Courant." In this conjuncture, we held a consultation of our friends at the printing-house, in order to determine what was to be done. Some proposed to evade the order by changing the title of the paper; but my brother foreseeing inconveniences that would result from this step, thought it better that it should in future be printed in the name of Benjamin Franklin; and, to avoid the censure of the Assembly, who might charge him with still printing the paper himself, under the name of his apprentice, it was resolved that my old indentures should be given up to me with a full and entire discharge written on the back, in order to be produced upon an emergency; but that, to secure to my brother the benefit of my service, I should sign a new contract, which should be kept secret during the remainder of the term. This was a very shallow arrangement. It was, however, carried into immediate execution, and the paper continued, in consequence, to make its appearance for some months in my name. At length a new difference arising between my brother and me, I ventured to take advantage of my liberty, presuming that he would not dare to produce the new contract. It was undoubtedly dishonorable to avail myself of this circumstance, and I reckon this action as one of the first errors of my life; but I was little capable of estimating it at its true value, imbibed as my mind had been by the recollection of the blows I had received. Exclusively of his passionate treatment of me, my brother was by no means a man of an ill temper, and perhaps my manners had too much impertinence not to afford it a very natural pretext.

When he knew that it was my determination to quit him, he wished to prevent my finding employment elsewhere. He went to all the printing-houses in the town, and prejudiced the masters against me; who accordingly refused to employ me. The idea then suggested itself to me of going to New-York, the nearest town in which there was a printing-office.

Further reflection confirmed me in the design of leaving Boston, where I had already rendered myself an object of suspicion to the governing party. It was probable from the arbitrary proceedings of the Assembly in the affair of my brother, that, by remaining, I should soon have been exposed to difficulties, which I had the greatest reason to apprehend, as, from my indiscreet disputes upon the subject of religion, I began to be regarded by pious souls with horror, either as an apostate or an atheist. I came therefore to a resolution: but my father, siding with my brother, I presumed that if I attempted to depart openly, measures would be taken to prevent me. My friend Collins undertook to favor my flight. He agreed for my passage with the captain of a New-York sloop, to whom he represented me as a young man of his acquaintance, who had an affair with a girl of bad character, whose parents wished to compel me to marry her, and of consequence I could neither make my appearance, nor go off publicly. I sold part of my books to procure a small sum of money, and went privately on board the sloop. By favor of a good wind, I found myself in three days at New-York, nearly three hundred miles from my home, at the age only of seventeen years, without knowing an individual in the place, and with very little money in my pocket.

The inclination I had felt for a sea-faring life was entirely subsided, or I should now have been able to gratify it; but having another trade, and believing myself to be a tolerable workman, I hesitated not to offer my services to the old Mr. William Bradford, who had been the first printer in Pennsylvania, but had quitted the province on account of a quarrel with George Keith, the governor. He could not give me employment himself, having little to do, and already as many persons as he wanted; but he told me that his son, printer at Philadelphia, had lately lost his principal workman, Aquila Rose, who was dead, and that if I would go thither, he believed that he would engage me. Philadelphia was a hundred miles further. I hesitated not to embark in a boat in order to repair, by the shortest cut of the sea, to Amboy, leaving my trunk and effects to come after me by the usual and more tedious conveyance. In crossing the bay we met with a squall, which shattered to pieces our rotten sails, prevented us from entering the Kill, and threw us upon Long Island.

During the squall, a drunken Dutchman, who, like myself, was a passenger in the boat, fell into the sea. At the moment that he was sinking, I seized him by the fore-top, saved him, and drew him on board. This immersion sobered him a little, so that he fell asleep, after having taken from his pocket a volume which he requested me to dry. This volume I found to be my old favorite work, Bunyan's *Pilgrim*, in Dutch, a beautiful impression on fine paper, with copperplate engravings; a dress in which I had never seen it in its original language. I have since learned that it has been translated into almost all the languages of Europe, and next to the Bible, I am persuaded it is one of the books that has had the greatest spread. Honest John is the first, that I know of, who has mixed narrative and dialogue together; a mode of writing very engaging to the reader, who in the most interesting passages, finds himself admitted as it were into the company, and present at the conversation. Defoe has imitated it with success in his *Robinson Crusoe*, his *Moll Flanders*, and other works; as also Richardson in his *Pamela*, &c.

As approaching the island, we found that we had made a part of the coast where it was not possible to land, on account of the strong breakers produced by the rocky shore. We cast anchor and veered the cable towards the shore. Some men, who stood upon the brink, hailed to us, while we did the same on our part; but the wind was so high, and the waves so noisy, that we could neither of us hear each other. There were some canoes upon the bank, and we called out to them, and made signs to prevail on them to come and take us up; but either they did not understand us, or they deemed our request impracticable, and withdrew. Night came on, and nothing remained for us but to wait quietly the subsiding of the wind: till then, we determined, that is, the pilot and I, to sleep if possible. For that purpose we went below the hatches along with the Dutchman, who was drenched with water. The sea broke over the boat, and reached us in our retreat, so that we were presently as completely drenched as he.

We had very little repose during the whole night; but the wind abating the next day, we succeeded in reaching Amboy before it was dark, after having passed thirty hours without provision, and with no other drink than a bottle of bad rum, the water upon which we rowed being salt. In the evening I went to bed with a very violent fever. I had somewhere read that cold water, drank plentifully, was a remedy in such cases. I followed the prescription, was in a profuse sweat for the greater part of the night, and the fever left me. The next day I crossed the river in a ferry-boat, and continued my journey on foot. I had fifty miles to walk, in order to reach Burlington, where I was told I should find passage-boats that would convey me to Philadelphia. It rained hard the whole day, so that I was wet to the skin. Finding myself fatigued about noon, I stopped at a paltry inn, where I passed the rest of the day and the whole night, beginning to regret that I had quitted my home. I made besides so wretched a figure, that I was suspected to be some runaway servant. This I discovered by the questions that were asked me; and I felt that I was every moment in danger of being taken up as such. The next day, however, I continued my journey, and arrived in the evening at an inn, eight or ten miles from Burlington, that was kept by one Dr. Brown.

This man entered into conversation with me while I took some refreshment, and perceiving that I had read a little, he expressed towards me considerable interest and friendship. Our acquaintance continued during the remainder of his life.

I believe him to have been what is called an itinerant doctor; for there was no town in England, or indeed in Europe, of which he could not give a particular account. He was neither deficient in understanding or literature, but he was a sad infidel: and, some years after, wickedly undertook to travestie the Bible, in burlesque verse, as Cotton had travestied Virgil. He exhibited, by this means, many facts in a very ludicrous point of view, which would have given umbrage to weak minds, had his work been published, which it never was.

I spent the night at his house, and reached Burlington the next morning. On my arrival, I had the mortification to learn that the ordinary passage-boats had sailed a little before. This was on a Saturday, and there would be no other boat till the Tuesday following. I returned to the house of an old woman in the town who had sold me some gingerbread to eat on my passage, and I asked her advice. She invited me to take up my abode with her till an opportunity offered for me to embark. Fatigued with having travelled so far on foot, I accepted her invitation. When she understood that I was a printer, she would have persuaded me to stay at Burlington, and set up my trade: but she was little aware of the capital that would be necessary for such a purpose! I was treated while at her house with true hospitality. She gave me, with the utmost good-will, a dinner of beef-steaks, and would accept of nothing in return but a pint of ale.

Here I imagined myself to be fixed till the Tuesday in the ensuing week; but, walking out in the evening by the river side, I saw a boat with a number of persons in it approach. It was going to Philadelphia, and the company took me in. As there was no wind, we could only make way with our oars. About midnight, not perceiving the town, some of the company were of opinion that we must have passed it, and were unwilling to row any farther; the rest not knowing where we were, it was resolved that we should stop. We drew towards the shore, entered a creek, and landed near some old palisades, which served us for fire-wood, it being a cold night in October. Here we stayed till day, when one of the company found the place in which we were to be Cooper's Creek, a little above Philadelphia; which, in reality, we perceived the moment we were out of the creek. We arrived on Sunday about eight or nine o'clock in the morning, and landed on Market-street wharf.

I have entered into the particulars of my voyage, and shall, in like manner, describe my first entrance into this city, that you may be able to compare beginnings so little auspicious, with the figure I have since made.

On my arrival at Philadelphia I was in my working dress, my best clothes being to come by sea. I was covered with dirt; my pockets were filled with shirts and stockings; I was unacquainted with a single soul in the place, and knew not where to seek for a lodging. Fatigued with walking, rowing, and having passed the night without sleep, I was extremely hungry, and all my money consisted of a Dutch dollar, and about a shilling's-worth of coppers, which I gave to the boatmen for my passage. As I had assisted them in rowing, they refused it at first; but I insisted on their taking it. A man is sometimes more generous when he has little, than when he has much money; probably because, in the first case, he is desirous of concealing his poverty.

I walked towards the top of the street, looking eagerly on both sides, till I came to Market-street, where I met with a child with a loaf of bread. Often had I made my dinner on dry bread. I inquired where he had bought it, and went straight to the baker's shop which he pointed out to me. I asked for some biscuits, expecting to find such as we had at Boston; but they made, it seems, none of that sort at Philadelphia. I then asked for a three-penny loaf. They made no loaves of that price. Finding myself ignorant of the prices, as well as of the different kinds of bread, I desired him to let me have three-pennyworth of bread of some kind or other. He gave me three large rolls. I was surprised at receiving so much; I took them, however, and having no room in my pockets, I walked on with a roll under each arm, eating the third. In this way I went through Market-street to Fourth-street, and passed the house of Mr. Read, the father of my future wife. She was standing at the door, observed me, and thought for reason, that I made a very singular and grotesque appearance.

I then turned the corner, and went through Chestnut-street, eating my roll all the way; and having made this round, I found myself again in Market-street wharf, near the boat in which I arrived. I stepped into it to take a draught of the river water; and, finding myself satisfied with my first roll, I gave the other two to a woman and her child, who had come down the river with us in the boat, and was waiting to continue her journey. Thus refreshed, I regained the street, which was now full of well-dressed people, all going the same way. I joined them, and was thus led to a large Quaker's meeting-house near the market-place. I sat down with the rest, and, after looking round for some time, hearing nothing said, and being drowsy from my last night's labor and want of rest, I fell into a sound sleep. In this state I continued till the assembly dispersed, when one of the congregation had the goodness to wake me. This was consequently the first house I entered, or in which I slept, at Philadelphia.

I began again to walk along the street by the river-side; and, looking attentively in the face of every one I met with, I at length perceived a young Quaker whose countenance pleased me. I accosted him, and begged him to inform me where a stranger might find a lodging. We were then near the sign of the Three Mariners. They receive travellers here, said he, but it is not a house that bears a good character; if you will go with me, I will show you a better one. He conducted me to the Crooked Billet, in Water-street. There I ordered something for dinner, and, during my meal, a number of curious questions were put to me; my youth

and appearance exciting the suspicion of my being a runaway. After dinner my drowsiness returned, and I threw myself upon a bed, without taking off my clothes, and slept till six o'clock in the evening, when I was called to supper. I afterward went to bed at a very early hour, and did not awake till the next morning.

As soon as I got up I put myself in as decent a trim as I could, and went to the house of Andrew Bradford, the printer. I found his father in the shop, whom I had seen at New-York. Having travelled on horseback, he had arrived at Philadelphia before me. He introduced me to his son, who received me with civility, and gave me some breakfast; but told me he had no occasion at present for a journeyman, having lately procured one. He added, that there was another printer newly settled in the town, of the name of Keimer, who might perhaps employ me; and that in case of refusal, I should be welcome to lodge at his house, and he would give me a little work now and then, till something better should offer.

The old man offered to introduce me to the new printer. When we were at his house, 'Neighbor,' said he, 'I bring you a young man in the printing business; perhaps you may have need of his services.'

Keimer asked me some questions, put a composing-stick in my hand to see how I could work, and then said, that at present he had nothing for me to do, but that he should soon be able to employ me. At the same time taking old Bradford for an inhabitant of the town well-disposed towards him, he communicated his project to him, and the prospect he had of success. Bradford was careful not to discover that he was the father of the other printer; and from what Keimer had said, that he hoped shortly to be in possession of the greater part of the business of the town, led him, by artful questions, and by starting some difficulties, to disclose all his views, what his hopes were founded upon, and how he intended to proceed. I was present, and heard it all. I instantly saw that one of the two was a cunning old fox, and the other a perfect novice. Bradford left me with Keimer, who was strangely surprised when I informed him who the old man was.

I found Keimer's printing materials to consist of an old damaged press, and a small font of worn out English letters, with which he himself was at work upon an elegy on Aquila Rose, whom I have mentioned above, an ingenious young man, and of an excellent character, highly esteemed in the town, secretary to the Assembly, and a very tolerable poet. Keimer also made verses, but they were indifferent ones. He could not be said to write in verse, for his method was to set the lines as they flowed from his muse; and as he worked without copy, had but one set of letter-cases, and the elegy would probably occupy all his types, it was impossible for any one to assist him. I endeavored to put his press in order, which he had not yet used, and of which indeed he understood nothing; and, having promised to come and work off his elegy as soon as it should be ready, I returned to the house of Bradford, who gave me some trifle to do for the present, for which I had my board and lodging.

In a few days Keimer sent for me to print off his elegy. He had now procured another set of letter-cases, and had a pamphlet to re-print, upon which he set me to work.

The two Philadelphia printers appeared destitute of every qualification necessary in their profession. Bradford had not been brought up to it, and was very illiterate. Keimer, though he understood a little of the business, was merely a compositor, and wholly incapable of working at press. He had been one of the French prophets, and knew how to imitate their supernatural agitations. At the time of our first acquaintance he professed no particular religion, but a little of all upon occasion. He was totally ignorant of the world, and a great knave at heart, as I had afterward an opportunity of experiencing.

Keimer could not endure that, working with him, I should lodge at Bradford's. He had indeed a house, but it was unfurnished; so that he could not take me in. He procured me a lodging at Mr. Read's, his landlord, whom I have already mentioned. My trunk and effects being now arrived, I thought of making, in the eyes of Miss Read, a more respectable appearance than when chance exhibited me to her view, eating my roll, and wandering in the streets.

From this period I began to contract acquaintance with such young people as were fond of reading, and spent my evenings with them agreeably, while at the same time I gained money by my industry, and, thanks to my frugality, lived contented. I thus forgot Boston as much as possible, and wished every one to be ignorant of the place of my residence, except my friend Collins, to whom I wrote, and who kept my secret.

An incident however arrived, which sent me home much sooner than I had proposed. I had a brother-in-law, of the name of Robert Holmes, master of a trading sloop from Boston to Delaware. Being at Newcastle, forty miles below Philadelphia, he heard of me, and wrote to inform me of the chagrin which my sudden departure from Boston had occasioned my parents, and of the affection which they still entertained for me, assuring me that, if I would return, every thing should be adjusted to my satisfaction; and he was very pressing in his entreaties. I answered his letter, thanked him for his advice, and explained the reasons which had induced me to quit Boston, with such force and clearness, that he was convinced I had been less to blame than he had imagined.

Sir William Keith, governor of the province, was at Newcastle at the time. Captain Holmes, being by chance in his company when he received my letter, took occasion to speak of me, and showed it him. The Governor read it, and appeared surprised when he learned my age. He thought me, he said, a young man of very promising talents, and that, of consequence, I ought to be encouraged; and here there were

at Philadelphia none but very ignorant printers, and that if I were to set up for myself, he had no doubt of my success; that, for his own part, he would procure me all the public business, and would render me every other service in his power. My brother-in-law related all this to me afterward at Boston; but I knew nothing of it at that time; when one day Keimer and I, being at work together near the window, we saw the Governor and another gentleman, Colonel French, of Newcastle, handsomely dressed, cross the street, and make directly for our house. We heard them at the door, and Keimer, believing it to be a visit to himself, went immediately down; but the Governor inquired for me, came up stairs, and, with a condescension and politeness to which I had not at all been accustomed, paid me many compliments, desired to be acquainted with me, obligingly reproached me for not having made myself known to him on my arrival in the town, and wished me to accompany him to a tavern, where he and Colonel French were going to taste some excellent Madeira wine.

I was, I confess, somewhat surprised, and Keimer appeared thunderstruck. I went, however, with the Governor and Colonel to a tavern at the corner of Third-street, where, while we were drinking the Madeira, he proposed to me to establish a printing-house. He set forth the probabilities of success, and himself and Colonel French assured me that I should have their protection and influence in obtaining the printing of the public papers of both governments; and as I appeared to doubt whether my father would assist me in this enterprise, Sir William said that he would give me a letter to him, in which he would represent the advantages of the scheme, in a light which he had no doubt would determine him. It was thus concluded that I should return to Boston by the first vessel, with the letter of recommendation, from the Governor to my father. Meanwhile the project was to be kept secret, and I continued to work for Keimer as before.

The Governor sent every now and then to invite me to dine with him. I considered this as a very great honor; and I was the more sensible of it, as he conversed with me in the most affable, familiar, and friendly manner imaginable.

Towards the end of April, 1724, a small vessel was ready to sail for Boston. I took leave of Keimer, upon the pretext of going to see my parents. The Governor gave me a long letter, in which he said many flattering things of me to my father; and strongly recommended the project of my settling at Philadelphia, as a thing which could not fail to make my fortune.

Going down the bay we struck on a flat, and sprung a leak. The weather was very tempestuous, and we were obliged to pump without intermission; I took my turn. We arrived, however, safe and sound, at Boston, after about a fortnight's passage.

I had been absent seven complete months, and my relations, during that interval, had received no intelligence of me; for my brother-in-law, Holmes, was not yet returned, and had not written about me. My unexpected appearance surprised the family; but they were all delighted at seeing me again, and, except my brother, welcomed me home. I went to him at the printing-house. I was better dressed than I had ever been while in his service: I had a complete suit of clothes, new and neat, a watch in my pocket, and my purse was furnished with nearly five pounds sterling in money. He gave me no very civil reception; and, having eyed me from head to foot, resumed his work.

The workmen asked me with eagerness where I had been, what sort of a country it was, and how I liked it. I spoke in the highest terms of Philadelphia, the happy life we led there, and expressed my intention of going back again. One of them asking what sort of money we had, I displayed before them a handful of silver, which I drew from my pocket. This was a curiosity to which they were not accustomed, paper being the current money at Boston. I failed not after this to let them see my watch; and, at last, my brother continuing sulken and out of humor, I gave them a shilling to drink, and took my leave. This visit stung my brother to the soul: for when, shortly after, my mother spoke to him of a reconciliation, and a desire to see us upon good terms, he told her that I had so insulted him before his men, that he would never forget or forgive it: in this, however, he was mistaken.

The Governor's letter appeared to excite in my father some surprise; but he said little. After some days, Captain Holmes being returned, he showed it him, asking him if he knew Keith, and what sort of a man he was: adding, that, in his opinion, it proved very little discernment to think of setting up a boy in business, who, for three years to come, would not be of an age to be ranked in the class of men. Holmes said every thing he could in favor of the scheme: but my father firmly maintained its absurdity, and at last gave a positive refusal. He wrote, however, a civil letter to Sir William, thanking him for the protection he had so obligingly offered me, but refusing to assist me for the present, because he thought me too young to be entrusted with the conduct of so important an enterprise, and which would require so considerable a sum of money.

My old comrade, Collins, who was a clerk in the post-office, charmed with the account I gave of my new residence, expressed a desire of going thither; and, while I waited my father's determination, he set off before me by land for Rhode Island, leaving his books, which formed a handsome collection in mathematics and natural philosophy, to be conveyed with mine to New-York, where he proposed to wait for me.

My father, though he could not approve Sir William's proposal, was yet pleased that I had obtained so advantageous a recommendation as that of a person of his rank, and that my industry and economy had enabled me to equip myself so handsomely in so short a period. Seeing no appearance of accommodating matters between my brother and me, he consented to my return to Philadelphia, advised me to be civil

to every body, to endeavor to obtain general esteem, and avoid satire and sarcasm, to which he thought I was too much inclined; adding, that with perseverance and prudent economy, I might, by the time I became of age, save enough to establish myself in business; and that if a small sum should then be wanting, he would undertake to supply it.

This was all I could obtain from him, except some trifling presents, in token of friendship from him and my mother. I embarked once more for New-York, furnished at this time with their approbation and blessing. The sloop having touched at Newport, in Rhode Island, I paid a visit to my brother John, who had for some years been settled there, and was married. He had always been attached to me, and he received me with great affection. One of his friends, whose name was Vernon, having a debt of about thirty-six pounds due to him in Pennsylvania, begged me to receive it for him, and to keep the money till I should hear from him: accordingly he gave me an order for that purpose. This affair occasioned me, in the sequel, much uneasiness.

At Newport we took on board a number of passengers; among whom were two young women, and a grave and sensible quaker lady with her servants. I had shown an obliging forwardness in rendering the quaker some trifling services, which led her, probably, to feel an interest in my welfare; for when she saw a familiarity take place, and every day increase, between the two young women and me, she took me aside, and said, 'Young man, I am in pain for thee. Thou hast no parent to watch over thy conduct, and thou seemest to be ignorant of the world, and the snares to which youth is exposed.' Rely upon what I tell thee: those are women of bad characters; I perceive it in all their actions. If thou dost not take care, they will lead thee into danger. They are strangers to thee, and I advise thee, by the friendly interest I take in thy preservation, to form no connexion with them.' As I appeared at first not to think quite so ill of them as she did, she related many things she had seen and heard, which had escaped my attention, but which convinced me that she was in the right. I thanked her for her obliging advice, and promised to follow it.

When we arrived at New-York, they informed me where they lodged, and invited me to come and see them. I did not however go, and it was well I did not; for the next day, the captain, missing a silver spoon and some other things which had been taken from the cabin, and knowing these women to be prostitutes, procured a search-warrant, found the stolen goods upon them, and had them punished. And thus, after having been saved from one rock concealed under water, upon which the vessel struck during our passage, I escaped another of a still more dangerous nature.

At New-York I found my friend Collins, who had arrived some time before. We had been intimate from our infancy, and had read the same books together; but he had the advantage of being able to devote more time to reading and study, and an astonishing disposition for mathematics, in which he left me far behind him. When at Boston, I had been accustomed to pass with him almost all my leisure hours. He was then a sober and industrious lad; his knowledge had gained him a very general esteem, and he seemed to promise to make an advantageous figure in society. But during my absence, he had unfortunately addicted himself to brandy, and I learned, as well from himself as from the report of others, that every day since his arrival at New-York he had been intoxicated, and had acted in a very extravagant manner. He had also played and lost all his money; so that I was obliged to pay his expenses at the inn, and to maintain him during the rest of his journey: a burden that was very inconvenient to me.

The Governor of New-York, whose name was Bernet, hearing the Captain say, that a young man who was a passenger in his ship had a great number of books, begged him to bring me to his house. I accordingly went, and should have taken Collins with me, had he been sober. The Governor treated me with great civility, showed me his library, which was a very considerable one, and we talked for some time upon books and authors. This was the second governor who had honored me with his attention; and, to a poor boy, as I was then, these little adventures did not fail to be pleasing.

We arrived at Philadelphia. On the way I received Vernon's money, without which we should have been unable to have finished our journey.

Collins wished to get employment as a merchant's clerk; but either his breath or his countenance betrayed his bad habit; for, though he had recommendations, he met with no success, and continued to lodge and eat with me, and at my expense. Knowing that I had Vernon's money, he was continually asking me to lend him some of it; promising to repay me as soon as he should get employment. At last he had drawn so much of this money, that I was extremely alarmed at what might become of me, should he fail to make good the deficiency. His habit of drinking did not at all diminish, and was a frequent source of discord between us; for when he had drunk a little too much, he was very headstrong.

Being one day in a boat together, on the Delaware, with some other young persons, he refused to take his turn in rowing. 'You shall row for me,' said he, 'till we get home.' 'No,' I replied, 'we will not row for you.' 'You shall,' said he, 'or remain upon the water all night.' 'As you please,' I said. 'Let us row,' said the rest of the company; 'what signifies whether he assists or not?' But, already angry with him for his conduct in other respects, I persisted in my refusal. He then swore that he would make me row, or would throw me out of the boat; and he made up to me. As soon as he was within my reach, I took him up by the collar, gave him a violent thrust, and threw him head foremost into the river. I knew that he was a good swimmer, and was therefore under no apprehensions for his life. Before he could turn him-

self, we were able, by a few strokes of our oars, to place ourselves out of his reach; and, whenever he touched the boat, we asked him if he would row, striking his hands at the same time with the oars to make him let go his hold. He was nearly suffocated with rage, but obstinately refused making any promise to row. Perceiving, at length, that his strength began to be exhausted, we took him into the boat, and conveyed him home in the evening completely drenched. The utmost coldness subsisted between us after this adventure. At last the captain of a West India ship, who was commissioned to procure a tutor for the children of a gentleman at Barbadoes, meeting with Collins, offered him the place. He accepted it, and took his leave of me, promising to discharge the debt he owed me with the first money he should receive; but I have heard nothing of him since.

The violation of the trust reposed in me by Vernon, was one of the first great errors of my life; and it proves that my father was not mistaken when he supposed me too young to be entrusted with the management of important affairs. But Sir William, upon reading his letter, thought him too prudent. There was a difference, he said, between individuals: years of maturity were not always accompanied with discretion, neither was youth in every instance devoid of it. 'Since your father,' added he, 'will not set you up in business, I will do it myself. Make out a list of what will be wanted from England, and I will send for the articles. You shall repay me when you can. I am determined to have a good printer here, and I am sure you will succeed.' This was said with so much seeming cordiality, that I suspected not for an instant the sincerity of the offer. I had hitherto kept the project, with which Sir William had inspired me, of settling in business, a secret at Philadelphia, and I still continued to do so. Had my reliance on the governor been known, some friend, better acquainted with his character than myself, would doubtless have advised me not to trust him; for I afterward learned that he was universally known to be liberal of promises, when he had no intention to perform. But having never solicited him, how could I suppose his offers to be deceitful? On the contrary, I believed him to be the best man in the world.

I gave him an inventory of a small printing-office; the expense of which I had calculated at about a hundred pounds sterling. He expressed his approbation; but asked, if my presence in England, that I might choose the characters myself, and see that every article was good in its kind, would not be an advantage? 'You will also be able,' said he, 'to form some acquaintance there, and establish a correspondence with stationers and booksellers.' This I acknowledged was desirable. 'That being the case,' added he, 'hold yourself in readiness to go with the Annis.' This was the annual vessel, and the only one at that time which made regular voyages between the ports of London and Philadelphia. But the Annis was not to sail for some months. I therefore continued to work with Keimer, unhappy respecting the sum which Collins had drawn from me, and almost in continual agony at the thoughts of Vernon, who fortunately made no demand of his money till several years after.

In the account of my first voyage from Boston to Philadelphia, I omitted, I believe, a trifling circumstance, which will not, perhaps, be out of place here. During a calm, which stopped us above Block Island, the crew employed themselves in fishing for cod, of which they caught a great number. I had hitherto adhered to my resolution of not eating any thing that had possessed life; and I considered, on this occasion, agreeably to the maxims of my master Tyron, the capture of every fish as a sort of murder, committed without provocation, since these animals had neither done nor were capable of doing, the smallest injury to any one that should justify the measure. This mode of reasoning I conceived to be unanswerable. Meanwhile, I had formerly been extremely fond of fish; and, when one of these cod was taken out of the frying-pan, I thought its flavor delicious. I hesitated some time between principle and inclination, till at last recollecting, that when the cod had been opened, some small fish were found in its belly, I said to myself, if you eat one another, I see no reason why we may not eat you. I accordingly dined on the cod with no small degree of pleasure, and have since continued to eat like the rest of mankind, returning only occasionally to my vegetable plan. How convenient does it prove to be a rational animal, that knows how to find or invent a plausible pretext for whatever it has an inclination to do.

I contrived to live upon good terms with Keimer, who had not the smallest suspicion of my projected establishment. He still retained a portion of his former enthusiasm; and, being fond of argument, we frequently disputed together. I was so much in the habit of using my Socratic method, and had so frequently puzzled him by my questions, which appeared at first very distant from the point in debate, yet, nevertheless, led to it by degrees, involving him in difficulties and contradictions from which he was unable to extricate himself, that he became at last ridiculously cautious, and would scarcely answer the most plain and familiar question without previously asking me—'What would you infer from that?' Hence he formed so high an opinion of my talents for refutation, that he seriously proposed to me to become his colleague in the establishment of a new religious sect. He was to propagate the doctrine by preaching, and I to refute every opponent.

When he explained to me his tenets, I found my absurdities, which I refused to admit, unless he would agree in turn to adopt some of my opinions. Keimer wore his beard long, because Moses had somewhere said, 'Thou shalt not mar the corners of thy beard.' He likewise observed the Sabbath; and these were with him two essential points. I disliked them both; but I consented to adopt them, provided he would agree to abstain from animal food. 'I doubt,' said

he, 'whether my constitution will be able to support it.' I assured him, on the contrary, that he would find himself the better for it. He was naturally a glutton, and I wished to amuse myself by starving him. He consented to make trial of this regimen, if I would bear him company; and, in reality, we continued it for three months. A woman in the neighborhood prepared and brought us our victuals, to whom I gave a list of forty dishes; in the composition of which there entered neither flesh nor fish. This fancy was the more agreeable to me, as it turned to good account; for the whole expense of our living did not exceed for each eighteenth pence a week.

I have since that period observed several Lenten with the greatest strictness, and have suddenly returned again to my ordinary diet, without experiencing the smallest inconvenience; which has led me to regard as of no importance the advice commonly given, of introducing gradually such alterations of regimen.

I continued it cheerfully; but poor Keimer suffered terribly. Tired of the project, he sighed for the flesh pots of Egypt. At length he ordered a roast pig, and invited me and two of our female acquaintances to dine with him; but the pig being ready a little too soon, he could not resist the temptation, and eat it all up before we arrived.

During the circumstances I have related, I had paid some attention to Miss Read. I entertained for her the utmost esteem and affection; and I had reason to believe that those sentiments were mutual. But we were both young, scarcely more than eighteen years of age; and, as I was on the point of undertaking a long voyage, her mother thought it prudent to prevent matters being carried too far for the present, judging that, if marriage was our object, there would be more propriety in it after my return, when, as at least I expected, I should be established in my business. Perhaps also she thought that my expectations were not so well founded as I imagined.

My most intimate acquaintance at this time were Charles Osborne, Joseph Watson, and James Ralph; young men who were all fond of reading. The two first were clerks to Mr. Charles Brockdon, one of the principal attorneys in the town, and the other clerk to a merchant. Watson was an upright, pious, and sensible young man: the others were somewhat more loose in their principles of religion, particularly Ralph, whose faith, as well as that of Collins, I had contributed to shake: each of whom made me suffer a very adequate punishment. Osborne was sensible, and sincere and affectionate in his friendships, but too much inclined to the critic in matters of literature. Ralph was ingenious and shrewd, genteel in his address, and extremely eloquent. I do not remember to have met with a more agreeable speaker. They were both enamoured of the muses, and had already evinced their passion by some small poetical productions.

It was a custom with us to take a charming walk on Sundays, in the woods that border the Skuylkill. Here we read together, and afterward conversed on what we read. Ralph was disposed to give himself up entirely to poetry. He flattered himself that he should arrive at great eminence in the art, and even acquire a fortune. The sublimest poets, he pretended, when they first began to write, committed as many faults as himself. Osborne endeavored to dissuade him, by assuring him that he had no genius for poetry, and advised him to stick to the trade in which he had been brought up. 'In the road of commerce,' said he, 'you will be sure, by diligence and assiduity, though you have no capital, of so far succeeding as to be employed as a factor; and may thus, in time acquire the means of setting up for yourself.' I concurred in these sentiments, but at the same time expressed my approbation of amusing ourselves sometimes with poetry, with a view to improve our style. In consequence of this it was proposed, that, at our next meeting, each of us should bring a copy of verses of his own composition. Our object in this competition was to benefit each other by our mutual remarks, criticisms, and corrections; and as style and expression were all we had in view, we excluded every idea of invention, by agreeing that our task should be a verse of the eighteenth psalm, in which is described the descent of the Deity.

The time of our meeting drew near, when Ralph called upon me, and told me that his performance was ready. I informed him that I had been idle, and not much liking the task, had done nothing. He showed me his piece, and asked me what I thought of it. I expressed myself in terms of warm approbation; because it really appeared to have considerable merit. He then said, 'Osborne will never acknowledge the smallest degree of excellence in any production of mine. Every alone dictates to him a thousand animadversions. Of you he is not so jealous: I wish, therefore, you would take the verses, and produce them as your own. I will pretend not to have had leisure to write any thing. We shall then see in what manner he will speak of them.' I agreed to this little artifice, and immediately transcribed the verses to prevent all suspicion.

We met. Watson's performance was the first that was read. It had some beauties, but many faults. We next read Osborne's, which was much better. Ralph did it justice, remarking a few imperfections, and applauding such parts as were excellent. He had himself nothing to show. It was now my turn. I made some difficulty; seemed as if I wished to be excused; pretended that I had no time to make corrections, &c. No excuse, however, was admissible, and the piece must be produced. It was read and re-read. Watson and Osborne immediately resigned the palm, and united in applauding it. Ralph alone made a few remarks, and proposed some alterations; but I defended my text. Osborne agreed with me, and told Ralph that he was no more able to criticize than he was able to write.

When Osborne was alone with me, he expressed himself

still more strongly in favor of what he considered as my performance. He pretended that he had put some restraint on himself before, apprehensive of my construing his commendations into flattery. 'But who would have supposed,' said he, 'Franklin to be capable of such a composition? What painting, what energy, what fire! He has surpassed the original. In his common conversation he appears not to have a choice of words; he hesitates, and is at a loss: and yet, good God, how he writes!'

At our next meeting Ralph discovered the trick we had played Osborne, who was rallied without mercy.

By this adventure Ralph was fixed in his resolution of becoming a poet. I left nothing unattempted to divert him from his purpose: but he persevered, till at last the reading of Pope* effected his cure: he became, however, a very tolerable prose writer. I shall speak more of him hereafter; but as I shall probably have no farther occasion to mention the other two, I ought to observe here, that Watson died a few years after in my arms. He was greatly regretted; for he was the best of our society. Osborne went to the islands, where he gained considerable reputation as a barrister, and was getting money; but he died young. We had seriously engaged, that whoever died first should return, if possible, and pay a friendly visit to the survivor, to give him an account of the other world; but he has never fulfilled his engagement.

The Governor appeared to be fond of my company, and frequently invited me to his house. He always spoke of his intention of settling me in business as a point that was decided. I was to take with me letters of recommendation to a number of his friends; and particularly a letter of credit, in order to obtain the necessary sum for the purchase of my press, types, and paper. He appointed various times for me to come for these letters, which would certainly be ready; and, when I came, always put me off to another day.

Those successive delays continued till the vessel, whose departure had been several times deferred, was on the point of setting sail; when I again went to Sir William's house, to receive my letters and take leave of him. I saw his secretary, Dr. Bard, who told me, that the Governor was extremely busy writing, but that he would be down at Newcastle before the vessel, and that the letters would be delivered to me there.

Ralph, though he was married and had a child, determined to accompany me in this voyage. His object was to be the establishing a correspondence with some mercantile houses, in order to sell goods by commission; but I afterward learned that, having reason to be dissatisfied with the parents of his wife, he proposed to himself to leave her on their hands, and never return to America again.

Having taken leave of my friends, and interchanged promises of fidelity with Miss Read, I quitted Philadelphia. At Newcastle the vessel came to anchor. The Governor was arrived, and I went to his lodgings. His secretary received me with great civility, told me, on the part of the Governor, that he could not see me then, as he was engaged in affairs of the utmost importance, but that he would send the letters on board, and that he wished me, with all his heart, a good voyage and speedy return. I returned, somewhat astonished, to the ship, but still without entertaining the slightest suspicion.

Mr. Hamilton, a celebrated barrister of Philadelphia, had taken a passage to England for himself and his son, and in conjunction with Mr. Denham, a quaker, and Messrs. Oniam and Russel, proprietors of a forge in Maryland, had agreed for the whole cabin, so that Ralph and I were obliged to take up our lodging with the crew. Being unknown to every body in the ship, we were looked upon as of the common order of people: but Mr. Hamilton and his son (it was James, who was afterward governor) left us at Newcastle, and returned to Philadelphia, where he was recalled at a very great expense, to plead the cause of a vessel that had been seized; and just as we were about to sail, Colonel French came on board, and shewed me many civilities. The passengers upon this paid me more attention, and I was invited, together with my friend Ralph, to occupy the place in the cabin which the return of the Mr. Hamiltons had made vacant; an offer which we very readily accepted.

Having learned that the despatches of the Governor had been brought on board by Colonel French, I asked the captain for the letters that were to be entrusted to my care. He told me that they were all put together in the bag, which he could not open at present; but before we reached England, he would give me an opportunity of taking them out. I was satisfied with this answer, and we pursued our voyage.

The company in the cabin were all very sociable, and we were perfectly well off as to provisions, as we had the advantage of the whole of Mr. Hamilton's, who had laid in a very plentiful stock. During the passage, Mr. Denham contracted a friendship for me, which ended only with his life: in other respects the voyage was by no means an agreeable one, as we had much bad weather.

When we arrived in the river, the captain was as good as his word, and allowed me to search in the bag for the Governor's letters. I could not find a single one with my name written on it, as committed to my care; but I selected six or seven, which I judged from the direction to be those that were intended for me; particularly one to Mr. Basket, the king's printer, and another to a stationer, who was the first person I called upon. I delivered him the letter as coming from Governor Keith. 'I have no acquaintance,' said he, 'with any such person;' and opening the letter 'Oh it is from

Ridlesden!' he exclaimed. 'I have lately discovered him to be a very arrant knave, and wish to have nothing to do either with him or his letters.' He instantly put the letter into my hand, turned upon his heel, and left me to serve some customers.

I was astonished at finding these letters were not from the Governor. Reflecting, and putting circumstances together, I then began to doubt his sincerity. I rejoined my friend Denham, and related the whole affair to him. He let me at once into Keith's character, told me there was not the least probability of his having written a single letter; that no one who knew him ever placed any reliance on him; and laughed at my credulity in supposing that the Governor would give me a letter of credit, when he had no credit for himself. As I showed some uneasiness respecting what step I should take, he advised me to try to get employment in the house of some printer. 'You may there,' said he, 'improve yourself in business, and you will be able to settle yourself the more advantageously when you return to America.'

We knew already, as well as the stationer, attorney Ridlesden to be a knave. He had nearly ruined the father of Miss Read, by drawing him in to be his security. We learned from his letter, that he was secretly carrying on an intrigue, in concert with the Governor, to the prejudice of Mr. Hamilton, who, it was supposed, would, by this time, be in Europe. Denham, who was Hamilton's friend, was of opinion that he ought to be made acquainted with it, and, in reality, the instant he arrived in England, which was very soon after, I waited on him, and, as much from good-will to him, as from resentment against the Governor, put the letter into his hands. He thanked me very sincerely, the information it contained being of consequence to him; and from that moment bestowed on me his friendship, which afterward proved, on many occasions serviceable to me.

But what are we to think of a governor who could play so scurvy a trick, and thus grossly deceive a poor young lad, wholly destitute of experience? It was a practice with him. Wishing to please every body, and having little to bestow, he was lavish of promises. He was, in other respects, sensible and judicious, a very tolerable writer, and a good governor for the people; though not so for the proprietaries, whose instructions he frequently disregarded. Many of our best laws were his work, and established during his administration.

Ralph and I were inseparable companions. We took a lodging together at three and sixpence a-week, which was as much as we could afford. He met with some relations in London, but they were poor, and not able to assist him. He now, for the first time, informed me of his intention to remain in England, and that he had no thoughts of ever returning to Philadelphia. He was totally without money; the little he had been able to raise having barely sufficed for his passage. I had still fifteen pistoles remaining; and to me he had from time to time recourse, while he tried to get employment.

At first believing himself possessed of talents for the stage, he thought of turning actor; but Wilkes, to whom he applied, frankly advised him to renounce the idea, as it was impossible he should succeed. He next proposed to Roberts, a bookseller in Paternoster-row, to write a weekly paper in the manner of the Spectator, upon terms to which Roberts would not listen. Lastly, he endeavored to procure employment as a copyist, and applied to the lawyers and stationers about the Temple, but he could find no vacancy.

As to myself, I immediately got engaged at Palmer's, at that time a noted printer in Bartholomew-close, with whom I continued nearly a year. I applied very assiduously to my work; but I expended with Ralph almost all that I earned. Plays, and other places of amusement which we frequented together, having exhausted my pistoles, we lived after this from hand to mouth. He appeared to have entirely forgotten his wife and child, as I also, by degrees, forgot my engagements with Miss Read, to whom I never wrote more than one letter, and that merely to inform her that I was not likely to return soon. This was another grand error of my life, which I should be desirous of correcting were I to begin my career again.

I was employed at Palmer's on the second edition of Woolaston's Religion of Nature. Some of his arguments appearing to me not to be well-founded, I wrote a small metaphysical treatise, in which I animadverted on those passages. It was entitled a 'Dissertation on Liberty and Necessity, Pleasure and Pain.' I dedicated it to my friend Ralph, and printed a small number of copies. Palmer upon this treated me with more consideration, and regarded me as a young man of talents; though he seriously took me to task for the principles of my pamphlet, which he looked upon as abominable. The printing of this work was another error of my life.

While I lodged in Little Britain I formed an acquaintance with a bookseller of the name of Wilcox, whose shop was next door to me. Circulating libraries were not then in use. He had an immense collection of books of all sorts. We agreed that, for a reasonable retribution, of which I have now forgotten the price, I should have free access to his library, and take what books I pleased, which I was to return when I had read them. I considered this agreement as a very great advantage; and I derived from it as much benefit as was in my power.

My pamphlet falling into the hands of a surgeon, of the name of Lyons, author of a book entitled, 'Infallibility of Human Judgment,' was the occasion of a considerable intimacy between us. He expressed great esteem for me, came frequently to see me, in order to converse upon metaphysical subjects, and introduced me to Dr. Mandeville, author of the Fable of the Bees, who had instituted a club at a tavern in Cheapside, of which he was the soul: he was a facetious and

very amusing character. He also introduced me, at Baitson's coffee-house, to Dr. Pemberton, who promised to give me an opportunity of seeing Sir Isaac Newton, which I very ardently desired; but he never kept his word.

I had brought some curiosities with me from America; the principal of which was a purse made of the asbestos, which are only purities. Sir Hans Sloane hearing of it, called upon me, and invited me to his house in Bloomsbury-square, where, after showing me every thing that was curious, he prevailed on me to add this piece to his collection; for which he paid me very handsomely.

There lodged in the same house with us a young woman, a milliner, who had a shop by the side of the Exchange. Lively and sensible, and having received an education somewhat above her rank, her conversation was very agreeable. Ralph read plays to her every evening. They became intimate. She took another lodging, and he followed her. They lived for some time together; but Ralph being without employment, she having a child, and the profits of her business not sufficing for the maintenance of three, he resolved to quit London, and try a country-school. This was a plan in which he thought himself likely to succeed; as he wrote a fine hand, and was versed in arithmetic and accounts. But considering the office as beneath him, and expecting some day to make a better figure in the world, when he should be ashamed of its being known that he had exercised a profession so little honorable, he changed his name, and did me the honor of assuming mine. He wrote to me soon after his departure, informing me that he was settled at a small village in Berkshire. In his letter he recommended Mrs. T. the milliner, to my care, and requested an answer, directed to Mr. Franklin, schoolmaster, at N***.

He continued to write to me frequently, sending me large fragments of an Epic poem he was composing, and which he requested me to criticise and correct. I did so, but not without endeavoring to prevail on him to renounce this pursuit. Young had just published one of his Satires. I copied and sent him a great part of it; in which the author demonstrates the folly of cultivating the Muses, from the hope, by their instrumentality, of rising in the world. It was all no purpose; paper after paper of his poem continued to arrive every post.

Meanwhile Mrs. T*** having lost, on his account, both her friends and business, was frequently in distress. In this dilemma she had recourse to me, and to extricate her from her difficulties, I lent her all the money I could spare. I felt a little too much fondness for her. Having at that time no ties of religion, and, taking advantage of her necessitous situation, I attempted liberties (another error of my life), which she repelled with becoming indignation. She informed Ralph of my conduct; and the affair occasioned a breach between us. When he returned to London, he gave me to understand that he considered all the obligations he owed me as annihilated by this proceeding; whence I concluded that I was never to expect the payment of what money I had lent him, or advanced on his account. I was the less affected at this, as he was wholly unable to pay me; and as, by losing his friendship, I was relieved at the same time from a very heavy burden.

I now began to think of laying by some money. The printing-house of Watts, near Lincoln's-inn-fields, being a still more considerable one than that in which I worked, it was probable I might find it more advantageous to be employed there. I offered myself, and was accepted; and in this house I continued during the remainder of my stay in London.

On my entrance I worked first as a pressman, conceiving I had need of bodily exercise, to which I had been accustomed in America, where the printers work alternately as compositors and at the press. I drank nothing but water. The other workmen, to the number of about fifty, were great drinkers of beer. I carried occasionally a large form of letters in each hand, up and down stairs, while the rest employed both hands to carry one. They were surprised to see, by this and many other examples, that the American Aquatic, as they used to call me, was stronger than those who drank porter. The beer-boy had sufficient employment during the whole day in serving that house alone. My fellow-pressman drank every day a pint of beer before breakfast, a pint with bread and cheese, for breakfast, one between breakfast and dinner, one at dinner, one again about six o'clock in the afternoon, and another after he had finished his day's work. This custom appeared to me abominable; but he had need, he said, of all this beer in order to acquire strength to work.

I endeavored to convince him that the bodily strength furnished by the beer, could only be in proportion to the solid part of the barley dissolved in the water of which the beer was composed; that there was a larger portion of flour in a penny loaf, and that consequently if he ate this loaf, and drank a pint of water with it, he would derive more strength from it than from a pint of beer. This reasoning, however, did not prevent him from drinking his accustomed quantity of beer, and paying every Saturday night a score of four or five shillings a-week for this cursed beverage; an expense from which I was wholly exempt. Thus do these poor devils continue all their lives in a state of voluntary wretchedness and poverty.

At the end of a few weeks, Watts having occasion for me above stairs as a compositor, I quitted the press. The compositors demanded of me a garnish-money afresh. This I considered as an imposition, having already paid below. The master was of the same opinion, and desired me not to comply. I thus remained two or three weeks out of the fraternity, I was consequently looked upon as excommunicated; and whenever I was absent, no little trick that malice could suggest was left unpractised upon me. I found my letters mixed, my pages transposed, my matter broken, &c. &c. all of

* Probably the Dunciad, where we find him thus immortalized by the author:

Silence, ye wolves, while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And makes night hideous: answer him, ye owls!